

(S)he Used To Be Mine

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Characters:	Wilbur Soot , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Sam Awesamdude , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Kristin Rosales Watson , Niki Nihachu
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by [The1andonly_soup](#)

Summary

As he pulled out his notepad, he saw that the blonde man's eyes were wider than normal, so Tommy pulled his sleeves down.

"So, would you like to place your order?" Tommy repeated, swallowing the fear that gripped at his heart.

The brown-haired beanie boy nodded. "I would like some chicken alfredo."

"...Chicken and Shrimp Carbonara," Techno mumbled, slipping the headphones over his head.

"Chicken Parmigiana," the blonde man muttered.

"Alright, is that all?" Tommy asked politely.

"...Are you alright?" the brown-haired boy inquired softly.

God. When was the last time Tommy was asked that genuinely?

Tommy shrugged. "As good as I can be. I'll go tell the chef. Be back in a bit with your food."
///

Or, TommyInnit is a trans male waiter, and he meets Wilbur, Technoblade, and Phil, who all decide to get Tommy out of the hell he calls his home. Tommy learns to heal, and some crazy shite happens.

Title from: https://youtu.be/fI_amUaCiqI

POPPYTWT/PROBLEMATIC PEOPLE: DNI AND GO FUCK YOURSELVES<3

This and the sequel was written pre-Wilbur outted. I no longer support him, but I don't want to take this down.

Notes

CW///Transphobia mention, self-harm mention, just overall a shitty life.

To min_cherry: My favorite Internet sibling, this story is for you because I want you to know how valid you are and how much I care. I get that people are shit, and I know that being trans is no easy feat, and I want you to know...you are the best idiot I know (I say that lovingly).

You've helped me so much more than so many people irl have, and you've treated me with complete respect. I can't say enough how much I am grateful for you. I love you, brother<3 (/p obviously, lol)

To AoiKitsune12: My dearest Internet grandmother, you have helped me so much. You've encouraged me, helped me, been there for me to talk to...I am truly blessed to have you in my life. I put you here because you always give the most amazing advice when it comes to writing, and I hope that this makes you proud<3 you are absolutely amazing and have accepted me when I needed it most. I cannot thank you enough!

To Duckwithabook: One of my commenters, who has commented a lot, this is to show that, just as you have supported me, I will support YOU. I know we don't talk much (or at all, outside of when you comment), but I want you to know that I appreciate you and your existence. Please continue to thrive, and know that you are welcome here at any time!<3 (/p :))

To TheFishySalmon: I came across your works one day, and I have to say that you have so much talent! I can't wait to see more from you! Count this story as a token of my admiration and happiness that I have yet another friend! :D

- Inspired by [take this compass, follow it home](#) by [lightning_anon](#)

She's Imperfect, But She Tries

School, work, hell, and all over again.

Such is the life of Tommy Innit.

You see, since he was five years old, he knew he wasn't "Tamara," but rather "Tommy."

Unfortunately, though...they didn't see it.

You're a girl, Tamara! You will forever be a girl!

Tommy hated his body, especially when his breasts began to grow. It was so...*feminine*.

But, no matter how much he wanted to, that binder that sat in his online shopping cart stayed there for the past ten years. Tommy knew he was a guy, but he was scared to stand up to his parents.

So now, Tommy was seventeen and wanting nothing more than to die.

Standing at the front of the restaurant, ready to work, a family of three came inside, all seemingly male. One had long pink hair pulled back into a braid and a backpack; another had fluffy brown hair under a beanie; and the oldest—presumably the father—looked similar to Tommy, with blonde hair and blue eyes. They spoke to the cashier, and the cashier motioned to Tommy, and all of them looked at him.

"Hello, welcome to Olive Garden," Tommy greeted, forcing a smile. "Please follow me."

Tommy's long hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and he could feel it pressing on his back as he fought back tears. Once the family sat down in a booth, he handed them each a menu.

"My name is To—Tamara, and I will be your server for the night," Tommy said. "To start off, would you like anything to drink?"

"I'll take some water," the male in the beanie said, smiling brightly at Tommy.

The guy with the pink hair pulled up some headphones from the backpack he had on his back and put it around his neck.

"Techno, do you want anything to drink?" the blonde man asked softly.

Techno seemed to be staring a hole through the menu, then mumbled, "Tea. Unsweetened tea. Iced. Please."

"Iced unsweetened tea," the blonde man repeated. "I'm sorry. He doesn't do too well in social situations."

"Hey, that's alright," Tommy shrugged. Who was he to judge? "What would you like, Big Man?"

...

Shit.

The nickname rolled easily off of Tommy's tongue, and he mentally screamed at himself. It was unprofessional!

To Tommy's surprise, the man laughed. "Well, nice to know you think so. I'd just like some coffee with sugar. No creamer, please."

Tommy quickly scribbled that down, pulling his dress shirt down reflexively. "Alright, I'll be back in a moment."

Walking as fast as he could in heels, Tommy almost tripped, but he continued walking, feeling the family's eyes burn into his back. Why did he say that? Why did he have to do something so unprofessional???

Taking a deep breath, Tommy got a couple of cups and began to get the drinks. He thought for a moment about how happy the guy in the beanie seemed to be, how nervous Techno was, how loving the blonde man was to his children and how kind he was to Tommy.

Usually, if Tommy messed up, he would get in so much trouble.

He *really* needed to get a new shirt. The stupid sleeves hunched up, exposing the bruises on his arms and causing his heart to pound.

If he was seen with those bruises, they'd call CPS on his parents for sure.

Tommy's birthday was in a month, so he wasn't a legal adult yet. He couldn't let anyone see them.

Finally, he finished getting the drinks, and he went back to the family, trying to ignore the fact that a couple of the bruises were visible for everyone to see.

"Here you go," Tommy smiled, placing the drinks on the table. "Would you like to place your order?"

As he pulled out his notepad, he saw that the blonde man's eyes were wider than normal, so Tommy pulled his sleeves down.

"So, would you like to place your order?" Tommy repeated, swallowing the fear that gripped at his heart.

The brown-haired beanie boy nodded. "I would like some chicken alfredo."

"...Chicken and Shrimp Carbonara," Techno mumbled, slipping the headphones over his head.

"Chicken Parmigiana," the blonde man muttered.

"Alright, is that all?" Tommy asked politely.

"...Are you alright?" the brown-haired boy inquired softly.

God. When was the last time Tommy was asked that genuinely?

Tommy shrugged. "As good as I can be. I'll go tell the chef. Be back in a bit with your food."

"...Here's your check," Tommy said with a smile, handing it to the blonde man. "I hope you enjoyed your visit."

The blonde man, "Phil Watson," gave Tommy a smile back. "Thank you very much. You've been very kind to us."

Tommy nodded and left for a while to attend to the other patrons. After he saw that the family left, he went to the table they were at and saw a fifty dollar tip and something written on a piece of scrap paper.

Tommy cautiously picked both up and scanned over the note.

Tamara,

I know it is none of my business, but I saw that you have bruises on your arms. Don't worry; I won't tell anyone, but I am concerned. I put my phone number below so we could talk, if you wish.

Sincerely,

Phil Watson

Tommy slipped the paper into his pocket.

Alone in his room, Tommy stared at the paper. Should he call? Should he trust this random stranger?

...

Ring, ring...

"Hello?"

"U-Um...hi. This is Tamara." *Gosh*, Tommy hated his deadname.

"Tamara, hey, this is Phil," Phil said softly. "I'm so sorry it was so ominous and everything. I just didn't know what to say. Side note, what are your actual pronouns?"

Tommy froze. "What do you mean?"

"When Wilbur, my son, called you by the name on your nametag, I noticed that you flinched a little. So...?"

"...I prefer he/him and to be called Tommy," Tommy confessed, ready for this stranger to hate him just as his parents did.

"Alright, thank you for being honest, Tommy," Phil replied. "So, if you don't want to talk about it, please let me know, but...do you want to talk?"

Tommy opened his mouth and closed it. "The bruises aren't me being abused. It's...they're...coming from me."

A sharp inhale was heard, and Tommy cursed inside his head. Then, a soft voice said, "Is there any way I can help?"

Tommy sniffed. "Um, maybe...can...I..."

"Yes?"

Why is Phil being so kind to Tommy...? "Could you...maybe...help me stay somewhere else...without calling CPS or something? I want to move out as soon as I can. I'm...kind of sick of this house. They're transphobic."

"Of course I can, Tommy," Phil replied. "Tell your parents you want to move out, and I'll come out there and pick you up. Text me your address, pack your things, and I'll get you out of there."

"Alright. Thank you, Mr. Watson."

"Anytime."

Tommy clicked off the call and sent Phil his address, then picked up his backpack, his heart pounding wildly in his chest.

This was it. He didn't have to pretend to be a girl anymore.

Tearing up, Tommy went downstairs and stood in the living room, where his mom and dad sat on the couch and watching TV.

"Mum, Dad...?" Tommy murmured.

They looked up at Tommy.

"Yes, Tamara?" his mom asked politely.

Tommy hesitated. "I've decided to move out. I'm...pretty much a legal adult, and I...I can't deal with it anymore. I...can't keep being Tamara Innit."

"...Tamara?" Tommy's father said warningly. "Don't tell me you—"

"My name is not Tamara Innit anymore," Tommy spoke up. "My name is Tommy Innit, and I'm a boy. And...I'm leaving tonight. I might visit; I don't know. All I know is that I can't stay here."

Tommy's dad's face turned red with anger before he spat, "Excuse me" and stormed up the stairs.

Tommy's mom followed Tommy's dad, shooting Tommy a glare before disappearing.

Tommy stood in the living room for a moment before going outside and standing on the end of the sidewalk.

...

Whelp. Okay.

Soon, a car pulled up to the house, and the window rolled down to reveal Phil, sitting in there with the brown-haired boy and Techno sitting in the back.

"Hop on in," Phil said.

Tommy complied, sliding into the car with a stranger he barely knew. Phil peeled out of the street Tommy used to live on, and everyone was dead silent as Phil began to drive away.

Finally, the brown-haired boy spoke up. "So, uh, my name is Wilbur! Wilbur Soot! And that's my brother, Technoblade. You must be Tommy! I'm so sorry about deadnaming you earlier."

Tommy's eyes widened. "Oh, um—I—thank you?"

A snort was heard from Techno. "Phil sees a kid and basically says 'mine.' Welcome to the extremely dysfunctional family with issues, Tommy."

Tommy let out a small laugh. "I guess I'll fit right in, huh? And I...I'm so sorry for everything..."

A comforting hand was on Tommy's shoulder. "Nonsense, Tommy," Phil murmured, still looking at the road. "You needed help. There's nothing wrong with needing help...even if that help is from a total stranger. Unfortunately, strangers can be a better family than those you've known for a long time, huh?"

Tommy laughed humorlessly. "Yeah."

"So, how long do you plan to stay?"

"Um...just long enough for me to find myself a place."

"You still need to finish high school, yeah?" Wilbur chimed in from the backseat. "You can stay with us until you finish it up, and we can help you find a house!"

"...Okay," was all Tommy said.

Turns out, Wilbur was a talker. By the time the car stopped, Tommy knew quite a lot of things about Wilbur, and a few things about Phil and Techno. To be honest, Tommy...felt very happy.

For the first time in a long time, Tommy felt accepted and appreciated.

Tommy sat in the guest bedroom, hugging his knees on the already-made bed. Tommy had gotten something to eat, rules settled (which weren't much, and all were perfectly reasonable), and settled in in less than an hour.

It's odd how this stranger reached out to Tommy and helped him more than anyone else had.

...

Tommy closed his eyes, and he realized just how tired he was.

Soon, he fell asleep.

She Is Good, But She Lies

Chapter Notes

HOLY SNIZZLES, 24 Kudos, 4 Bookmarks, and 140 Hits in less than 12 hours!? You guys are insane! Thank you! :D

CW///transphobia mention, self-harm, mentions of attempting suicide.

It's been two weeks since Tommy left, and Phil, Wilbur, and Technoblade were treating Tommy as part of the family.

It was...nice, but also odd.

Even when Tommy began to show more of his negative side, they accepted it with a joke and a smile.

So now Tommy was sitting in the kitchen with Wilbur, talking and laughing. Somehow, the topic of gender came up.

"Do you want some help transitioning?" Wilbur asked.

"I—" Tommy hesitated. "I don't know. I just...I don't want to be bullied at school, and there's this one kid at my school who's trans named Fundy. He...is bullied a lot. And I don't know how my friends will react..."

"If they don't accept you as a guy, then they're not worth your time," Wilbur said. "I'm not saying it will be easy to embrace who you are, but it will be worth it."

"How would you know?" Tommy grumbled. "You've never had to transition."

"Actually, I have. I'm intersex."

Tommy blinked. "What."

"Do you know what intersex is, Tommy?" When Tommy shook his head, Wilbur continued, "Well, I have female *and* male parts, so I am constantly questioning my gender. So I identify as a demiboy. Do you know what *that* is?"

Tommy shook his head.

"I identify as a male and something else. But, since I hate my female parts, I go by he/they."

"That's pog, Big Man."

Wilbur gave Tommy a smile. "If you don't mind me asking...why do you wear long sleeves all the time?"

Tommy froze. "I, uh, get cold easily."

Wilbur hummed. "Alright. When you feel comfortable telling me the real reason, let me know."

"That *is* the real reason." Panic grew in Tommy's throat.

"Okay," Wilbur murmured. "So, Tommy? About transitioning?"

Tommy breathed a sigh of relief. "I...would like help, yes."

"Alright, get ready to go. We are getting yourself a haircut."

"Wait, what?"

"Do you want to keep your long hair, Tommy?"

"...No."

"So we are getting you a haircut. C'mon, we're going to Niki's."

"Niki's?"

"Niki's a good friend of mine. She's a hair stylist."

Tommy hopped up and got his shoes from beside the doorway, slipping them on and following Wilbur out the door.

Once Tommy and Wilbur got in the car, Wilbur continued to talk. "We'll also have to get you a binder, assuming you don't want surgery right now."

"Yeah."

"And maybe different clothes, if you'd like? Clothes don't have a gender, but I thought I'd offer."

"That would be nice."

"Then, after this, we are going to go get you some new clothes. Is there anything else that might help you feel masculine?"

Tommy shrugged. How was he supposed to know? He was never allowed to be a guy at home.

"Okay, well, if there is, please let me know."

They sat in silence.

"Here we are," Wilbur grinned, stepping out of the car. "Ready to go in, Tommy?"

Tommy nodded, fiddling with his sleeves. The bruises were still there, and Phil had helped Tommy stop for a while, but the urge to hurt himself was still there, nagging at the back of Tommy's mind.

Tommy shook that feeling off and went inside to see a woman standing behind a counter, organizing different shampoos and conditioner.

"Niki!" Wilbur beamed.

Niki turned around, and her face lit up. "Wilbur! How have you been?"

"Quite alright, I've got you a customer. His name is Tommy, and he's my br—friend."

"Tommy, huh? Wilbur's told me about you," Niki smiled. "Tell you what. Since this young man is transitioning, this cut'll be free."

Tommy's eyes widened at Wilbur nodded happily. "Of course. Tommy?"

Tommy swallowed. "Thank you."

"Of course," Niki smiled. "Now, come sit over here. Is there a particular hairstyle you'd like?"

Tommy sat in the chair and thought quietly. "I don't know too many hairstyles. Maybe like Wilbur's? His looks nice."

Wilbur's expression softened, and Tommy felt his cheeks grow warm. He *wanted* Wilbur to be proud of him, he *wanted* to be seen as cool.

It was like Wilbur was his older brother.

"Alright! Sit tight and relax."

Tommy closed his eyes, feeling Niki's fingers work some kind of shampoo into his hair. It felt nice.

Wilbur and Niki chatted while Tommy sat there, eyes closed and just enjoying the peace. Finally, Tommy opened his eyes, and Niki was finishing up the process of actually cutting his hair.

"Aaand there you go!" Niki chirped, wiping off the hair on Tommy's neck. "Do you like it?"

Tommy looked over at the mirror and teared up immediately.

Besides his chest, Tommy...actually looked like a man.

"I love it," Tommy choked out.

Niki smiled warmly and began to clean up. "I'm so glad, Tommy. You deserve to feel proud of yourself and your body."

Tommy smiled genuinely at Niki and got up out of the chair and walked over to Wilbur, who was reading something on his phone.

"Ayyy, Big Man!" Tommy grinned. "Look at me!"

Wilbur looked up from his phone and gasped. "Tommy! You look so good!"

Wilbur jumped up and threw his arms around Tommy, and Tommy couldn't help but laugh and hug him back.

"Now we *have* to go to the clothes shop."

"Have a good day!" Niki called as Tommy and Wilbur left.

"You, too!" Wilbur and Tommy called back.

"What about this one?" Wilbur suggested, holding up a red-and-white t-shirt.

"Nah."

"Tommy, you need something short-sleeved," Wilbur frowned. "You can't just wear long sleeves for the rest of his life."

"Watch me," Tommy threatened.

"*Tommy.*"

"*Wilbur.*"

Tommy and Wilbur stared each other down.

Suddenly, Wilbur grabbed Tommy's arm and yanked up on the sleeve, causing Tommy to yelp.

"Oi, dickhead! Let go of me!"

But it was too late. There they were. Yellowing bruises.

Wilbur's face melted from annoyance to shock as he stared at the arm he was holding. Tommy's eyes stung, and his breathing shortened.

I can't please no stop let go of me please don't—

"...Tommy? Were you abused?"

"...No."

"...Self-harm?"

Tommy scowled. "Leave me alone, dipshit, and let go of my arm."

"No. Tommy, you have to talk to me. I want to help you."

"I said, LET GO!" Tommy yelled, pulling away. It felt like vines were gripping Tommy's lungs.

"Tommy, Tommy, calm down," Wilbur shushed. "Please, I—"

"HELP!" Tommy screamed, unable to breathe.

Immediately, people turned to look at the commotion, and Wilbur let go of Tommy's arm, and Tommy pulled down his sleeve, tears streaming down his face.

"I'll meet you in the car," Tommy spat, storming away.

Tommy was wiping away his tears and used his spare car key that Wilbur gave him to get inside the car. Tears flowed out of his eyes like a water fountain, and Tommy shook, wanting nothing more than to disappear.

You made such a large scene, Tommy's brain scolded. You don't deserve Wilbur's kindness, you worthless and pathetic piece of—

Tommy hit his arm. "Shut up," he growled.

When his brain wouldn't silence, Tommy hit his arm repeatedly, already seeing the purple. "Shut up, shut up, shut up!"

By the time his brain finally shut up, the old bruises were back to being purple.

He was damaging his body so much.

He struggled to breathe. *Oh God.* When Phil did his daily check-in to make sure Tommy didn't harm himself, was he going to be disappointed? Mad?

Tommy cried harder and hit his other arm, trying to get his brain to stop.

It wouldn't stop.

It. Wouldn't. Stop.

Tommy screamed, trying to get his brain to silence itself, but it wouldn't. No-one was in the parking lot, and he wanted someone to help him.

But what should he do if he couldn't accept the help provided and offered?

After a few, his voice died out, and Tommy's throat ached. His brain was finally quiet, and Tommy leaned back into the car seat, eyes shut as he pulled down his sleeves.

When Tommy opened his eyes again, Wilbur was gently shaking Tommy awake. "Tommy, we're home."

Tommy closed his eyes once more. "Tired..."

It was late afternoon, almost dusk. Tommy stayed put and heard Wilbur sigh. After a moment, Tommy felt a pair of arms scoop him up and pick him up and out of the car, up the porch, and into the house, where Tommy was sat on the couch.

"Is he okay?" Phil's voice asked.

"I...don't know," Wilbur replied.

Tommy's eyes stayed shut, and Tommy drifted off to sleep again.

Tommy woke up to the smell of onions, cheese, and hamburger filling his nose. Tommy's mouth immediately began to water, and he used his arms to help him sit up, then winced. Right. He'd hurt himself earlier.

Tommy forced himself to sit up through the pain, and he wandered to the kitchen half-asleep. "Hey."

"Tommy, hey," Techno waved, cutting the potatoes precisely. "We're making burgers and fries."

Tommy's eyebrows furrowed. "Don't you mean *chips*?"

"Ah yes, Americans versus British slang," Phil chuckled. "You want to help us, mate?"

"Sure," Tommy mumbled. "Whatcha want me to do?"

"Maybe you could help me with the cole slaw," Phil offered.

"Sure."

Tommy stood beside Phil and began to shred the cabbage, slowly coming to full consciousness. Wilbur was quieter than usual, but everyone else seemed to be in higher spirits.

"How do you all feel about a family meeting?" Phil said.

Wilbur nodded, eyes focused on the burgers. "That sounds good."

"Yes," Technoblade agreed.

Phil looked at Tommy. "Tommy? Would you like to join?"

Tommy was taken aback. "Family meeting?"

"We have them every week, but, each week, you've been antisocial until now," Phil explained. "We would've invited you, but we were afraid we would come off as creepy."

"I...yeah, that's fine," Tommy murmured. Then, his eyes shot open wide. "Shit! I had work today!"

"It's alright," Wilbur said from the stove. "I called you in sick for the next week."

Tommy gulped. "Oh."

"So? Would you like to join us?" Phil asked again.

"...Yeah, sure."

Phil gave Tommy such a bright smile that Tommy almost smiled back.

Almost.

Dinner was a lot more lighthearted for the most part, and then the family meeting came.

Phil and Tommy sat on the couch while Techno and Wilbur sat in the recliners. "So, ground rules. No yelling, no fighting, we will all be respectful and courteous of everyone else. Got it?"

Tommy, Wilbur, and Techno nodded.

"Alright, Techno, would you like to go first?" Phil asked.

Techno nodded. "I got accepted into university."

"That's awesome!" Phil smiled. "With scholarship, right?"

Techno nodded. "Yep. I'll be majoring in English."

"That's great," Tommy chimed, and it was genuine.

Wilbur gave Techno a pat on the head. "Nerd."

Techno narrowed his eyes playfully at his twin and patted Wilbur's head. "Nerd."

"Nerd."

"Nerd."

"We're all nerds in this house," Phil concluded with a snort. "Wilbur? Anything you'd like to say?"

Wilbur's good mood vanished, and he looked down at the ground. "...I'm sorry, Tommy. What I did was wrong. I should've respected your boundaries and dropped the subject, and I'm sorry I crossed those boundaries."

Tommy's eyes widened. "Oh. Oh."

"Tommy?" Phil's voice was soft. "...Did something happen between you two?"

"...It would be easier if I showed you," Tommy murmured, rolling up his sleeves.

The bruises were so ugly.

Tommy could hear Phil inhale sharply in unison with Techno, and Wilbur began to shake a bit.

"Wilbur grabbed my arm and yanked my sleeve up, trying to find out why I wouldn't get a t-shirt, and...I kind of hurt myself in the car. I was...mad at myself."

Nobody spoke at first. Then, surprisingly, Techno came over to Tommy and sat beside him, wrapping his arms around Tommy. "I'm proud of you."

Tommy froze. "...Huh?"

"I'm proud of you," Techno's monotonous voice said quietly. "I'm proud of you for being strong enough to tell us, I'm proud of you for being honest. I know it's hard, and I'm so glad you told us."

Tommy's eyes watered. "Oh."

Techno held up his own arm, and it was only then that Tommy saw the faded lines marking Techno's arms. "I used to self-harm, too. In fact, the way Phil found out about it was after I attempted suicide."

Tommy's hand reflexively reached out and ran across the old scars. "Wow. That's...a lot."

"It is," Techno agreed. "It went on for several years before Phil found out. After the whole thing, Phil helped me get help. I wish I'd said something sooner. So...yeah. I'm proud of you, Tommy."

Tommy looked up at Techno, then buried his face into Techno's shoulder, tears sliding down his face. "Thank you."

Techno hugged Tommy, and Tommy and Techno stayed like that for a few minutes. Finally, Tommy pulled away, as did Techno, and they both smiled slightly at each other.

Tommy looked over at Wilbur, who was forcing back tears of his own. They stared at each other for a minute before Tommy said, "I forgive you, Wilbur."

Wilbur broke down, and Tommy got up, walked over to Wilbur, and pulled Wilbur in for a hug. Silently, they sat there, until finally Wilbur calmed down.

"Tommy?" Wilbur whispered.

"Wilbur?"

"...I got you a binder. It should be here tomorrow."

Tommy let out a laugh, and he pulled away from Wilbur. "Thanks, Big Man."

"Thank *you*, Big Man TommyInnit."

Tommy couldn't seem to stop smiling.

She Is Hard On Herself

Chapter Notes

CW///Purposeful deadnaming, transphobia, ableism

(Note: Tommy's mother and father in this is NOT the real MotherInnit and FatherInnit. I'm sure that the real IRL people are sweethearts, but, for the purpose of the story, Tommy's mum and dad are different people :))

The binder had come the next day, and now Tommy was standing in front of the mirror, eyes shimmering as he saw a *guy*.

Tamara Innit doesn't exist anymore, Tommy thought. *My name is Tommy Innit, and I am a Big Man.*

Suddenly, the door flew open to reveal Wilbur, beaming. "Good morning Tommy! You ready for school?"

Tommy's eyes tore away from the man in the mirror, and he smiled, nodding at Wilbur. "Yep. What's for breakfast?"

"Cereal," Wilbur admitted. "Phil's at work and Techno is out with some friends. I can't cook for shit without help, so I'm just going to play it safe and not cook anything."

"I can make potato cakes," Tommy suggested.

"Potato cakes?"

"Kind of like pancakes, but, y'know...made with potatoes. It's not too hard."

"Can you teach me?"

"Sure."

Tommy watched as Wilbur eagerly stuffed a piece of the potato cake into his mouth. A second later, Wilbur was digging in, smiling from ear to ear.

"This is so good, Tommy!" Wilbur said between bites.

"Thanks." Tommy sat at the table and began shoving his own potato cake into his mouth. "You think Techno will like it?"

"Of course he will!" Wilbur gushed. "It's delicious and made of potato!"

"We have to go in five," Tommy noted.

"Mhm." Wilbur was almost done already.

Tommy had to refrain from grinning.

It wasn't until Tommy stepped foot onto the property of the school that he felt the anxiety spike in him.

What will Tubbo and Ranboo say? Will they still want to be his friend?

Tommy scanned the area and spotted Ranboo and Tubbo over at a picnic table, talking and laughing.

A pang of jealousy hit Tommy's stomach. At least *they* were cis, which meant *they* didn't have to deal with gender issues.

As Tommy approached, he swallowed. "Hi."

Tubbo and Ranboo looked up, their smiles immediately vanishing. They both stared at Tommy in shock, and Tommy felt his stomach sink.

"Tamara, what—what happened?" Tubbo asked.

"I...I don't go by Tamara anymore," Tommy mumbled, casting his eyes away. "My name is Tommy, and I'm a trans guy."

"Oh. Okay. That's different," Ranboo stated. "You know, you should've told us you were a guy sooner. I would like to formally apologize for deadnaming you, Tommy. So, you go by he/him, then?"

Tommy nodded, still not looking at the ground. "Yeah. Yeah, I do."

Suddenly, Tommy felt a pair of arms being thrown around him, and Tommy stumbled back as the smaller boy's head hit Tommy's chest.

"I'm so proud of you for coming out to me, Big Man!" Tubbo cheered.

Tommy's eyes began to sting. "...You are?"

"Very," Tubbo confirmed, stepping away from Tommy with a satisfied smile. "You look like the man you were always meant to be."

Tommy wiped at his eyes. "...Thanks."

"What happened to the Tommy that curses a lot and is rude?" Ranboo joked.

"Fuck you, slenderman bitch boy," Tommy grinned.

"...I'm beginning to regret my decision to bring that up."

Tubbo and Tommy let out a chorus of laughter, and the three boys sat down and chatted.

Tommy and Tubbo walked into first hour with bright smiles. As soon as Tommy saw Mr. Sam, he had to force himself to not freak out.

"You need to tell Mr. Sam," Tubbo whispered, sitting in his seat.

"But what if he doesn't accept me?" Tommy whispered back. "What if he keeps deadnaming me?"

"Then I'll make sure he doesn't," Tubbo smirked, cracking his knuckles to prove his point.

Although small, Tubbo was *not* a force to reckon with. He almost built a nuke and would've succeeded if Mr. Schlatt didn't catch him.

So, yeah. Mr. Sam better accept Tommy, or there would be consequences.

Tommy nodded and whispered, "Fine, but only if you come up there with me. I mean, I can handle it myself, but..."

"You want an emotional support gremlin?"

Tommy nodded.

Tubbo stood. "Then let's go."

Tommy gulped and shakily walked up to Mr. Sam, who was sitting at his desk and looking over some papers.

"M...Mr. Sam?" Tommy asked quietly.

Mr. Sam looked up and gave Tommy a smile. "Tamara! What can I do for you? I like your hair, by the way."

Tommy took a deep breath and said, "Tamara is my deadname."

Mr. Sam's eyebrows furrowed, then his face lit up with realization, and then he smiled. "Oh. I see. That explains it. What are your pronouns, and what is your real name?"

"...He/him, and my name is Tommy."

"Well, it's nice to meet you properly, Tommy. Would you like for me to notify everyone?"

"He would," Tubbo chimed in. When Tommy shot Tubbo a glare, Tubbo shrugged.

"Class," Mr. Sam began as the bell rang. At that moment, a boy with a purple hoodie rushed inside.

"Sorry, Mr. Sam, I had to help Mx. Ponk."

"It's alright, Purpled. Please go to your seat."

Purpled gave Mr. Sam a grateful nod, and he scurried to his seat.

"Now, as I was saying," Sam continued, "I would like for you all to meet Tommy Innit. His pronouns are he/him, and if I hear anyone deadnaming him or using the wrong pronouns on purpose, I will be forced to speak with your parents about it. If this continues, I will have to bring this to Principal Schlatt."

"And," Tubbo smirked, "if *that* doesn't work, I'll fight you."

"...How would you fight someone way taller than you?" a kid asked.

"I would punch them in the privates or steal their kneecaps," Tubbo smiled.

"What if who you're fighting is a girl?"

"Then I will blow everyone up."

Nobody said a word. They all knew Tubbo was capable of that.

"Thank you, Tubbo," Mr. Sam muttered. "Tommy, Tubbo, please sit down."

As soon as Tommy and Tubbo sat back in their seats, Tommy breathed a sigh of relief.

Maybe everything will be okay.

Tommy was frozen outside the school.

"Tamara, come on. We're going home," Tommy's father's voice called from the car.

Tommy's heart pounded wildly in his chest. "...I *told* you, my name is Tommy, not Tamara. And no. I'm not going with you."

"Listen. You're still younger than eighteen, which means that your mother and I are still in custody of you."

"I'm not going with you," Tommy said firmly. "I have other people who treat me better than either of you."

Tommy's father opened the door and stepped out just as Phil's car pulled up to the school.

"*Tamara*," Tommy's father seethed. "*Come on*. We don't want to make a scene, do we?"

"*You're* the one making the scene," Tommy shot back. "Just go home. I'm not coming with you, and of story."

Tommy's father's face turned red with anger. "*Tamara*. We *are* going home. *Now*. *Both* of us."

Wilbur stepped out of the car, giving Tommy's father a look. "Hey, who are you, and why are you picking on Tommy?"

Tommy's father looked over at Wilbur. "Ah. I'm Tommy's father. You're one of Phil's boys. You know, Phil and I used to go to the same school. How is he?"

Wilbur shifted uncomfortably. "He's fine. But anyway. Tommy is coming with me."

"Why is your voice so girly?"

Wilbur's face was struck with shock. Then, it melted to sadness. "I have a feminine voice...?"

"No, no, Wil, your voice is manly," Tommy soothed. "Dad, leave Wil alone."

"No, no. Is this 'Wil' trans as well?" Tommy's father inquired.

"Intersex, actually," Wilbur mumbled.

"That is," Tommy's father's nose wrinkled up, "*disgusting and unnatural*. A person can't be born with both sexes."

"That's where you're wrong," another voice chimed in from behind Tommy. Tubbo came to stand beside Tommy, Ranboo on the other side. "Science says it's possible. '*Intersex, in biology, is an organism having physical characteristics intermediate between a true male and a true female of its species. The condition usually results from extra chromosomes or a hormonal abnormality during embryological development.*' In this case, this organism is Wilbur. So, the unnatural and disgusting one is *you*."

"Excuse me!?" Tommy's father gasped. "I am a *man* who is not confused about my gender! Tamara is just a confused little girl who *thinks* she's a boy."

"I know I didn't just hear that," another person said, exiting Phil's car. *Techno*. "Look, man, please leave, or things will get ugly."

"And why would I do *that*? I have my daughter to bring home!"

Techno pulled his noise-cancelling headphones over his head, giving Mr. Innit a glare. "Man, look—"

"You're autistic?"

Techno nodded. "Yep."

"Tch," Mr. Innit huffed. "Autism is just a made up condition used to excuse bad behavior. There is nothing wrong with you. Take those headphones off."

"Leave then alone," Tommy begged.

"No. Come on, Tamara. We need to go home. We need to go home with *normal* people who aren't...faking a condition."

With that, Tommy walked up to his father and stared directly into his eyes. "What. Did. You. Just. Say?"

"I said, '*We need to go home with normal people who aren't faking a condition.*'"

Tommy's hand gripped into a fist and came up and collided with Mr. Innit's jaw. "*You're an asshole! A motherfucking asshole!*"

"You—!" Mr. Innit screeched. "You are so lucky you aren't of legal age yet! When you're eighteen, *I swear on my life* that you will pay for this!" He raced back to the car, flung open the door, and got inside quickly. He drove off after giving everyone the middle finger.

Tommy crumpled to the ground, putting his head between his knees. "Oh God...he's going to *kill* me."

"Tommy," Tubbo's voice said softly. "Tommy, calm down. Nothing will happen to you. He's a fucking asshole with empty threats."

"I'm pretty sure that threatening a minor is against the law," Ranboo hummed. "Want to sue them, maybe even land them in jail?"

"No, no, *no*," Tommy whispered. "I should've just listened to him, I—I—"

"*Tommy.*"

Techno's voice.

Tommy looked up with tears in his eyes.

"Tommy, you did the right thing. It's not your fault he's an idiot. Please, calm down."

Tommy threw his arms around Techno with a sob. Tubbo and Ranboo left, then came back with Mr. Schlatt.

"Tommy," Mr. Schlatt said softly, "do you want me to ban him from entering school grounds?"

Tommy shook but blubbered a "yes," pulling away from Techno.

Mr. Schlatt patted Tommy's shoulder. "I'm so sorry you had to go through this. Rest assured, that man won't hurt you ever again."

Tommy nodded, wiping his nose. "Thank you, Mr. Schlatt."

"Anytime."

After Wilbur and Techno explained the whole thing, Phil decided to take tomorrow off and have a day with all of them. Now, they were all piled onto the couch (Techno on the right, Phil beside him, Tommy beside him, and Wilbur on the far left) watching Moana.

Tommy curled up against Phil, exhaustion from the day starting to take over. "I wish *you* were my dad, Phil. I wish Wilby and Techie were my real brothers."

A silent "aww" was heard from Wilbur, and Phil wrapped an arm around Tommy. "We wish the same thing, Tommy. If you want to call me 'Dad,' you can."

"Okay, thanks, Dad." Tommy drifted off to sleep.

She Is Broken And Won't Ask For Help

Chapter Notes

Hehe references to other works go brr

CW///Mentions of fire, mentions of abandonment, mentions of death, mentions of war

(Believe it or not, this is the least angsty chapter by far imo)

When Tommy awoke the next morning, it was to the smell of bacon and the sound of shrieking.

"*Damn*, what is it *now*?" Tommy groaned, rolling out of bed and taking off his shirt to put on his binder.

The shrieking got louder, and Tommy realized that it was, in fact, *not* bacon he was smelling, but smoke.

Fucking. Smoke.

With a jolt, Tommy through on his shirt and sprinted downstairs, tripping on his feet and falling down several steps.

CRACK.

"SHIT!" Tommy yelled, scrambling to his feet whilst ignoring the pain that seared through his body. Tommy quickly made his way to the kitchen, where Phil was opening the windows while Techno tried miserably to calm a screaming Wilbur.

"Please, calm down, Wil," Techno said softly. "*Calm down*. No-one is going to hurt you. Phil and I aren't going to hurt you. Phil, help!"

Phil sighed and bent down in front of Wilbur, talking softly. Soon, Wilbur stopped screaming, but tears were still streaming down his face.

Techno's headphones were over his head, and he closed his eyes, obviously trying to calm himself. Techno's red eyes (which Tommy found out was because of contacts) met Tommy's blue ones, and Techno gave Tommy a tight smile. Then, his face paled.

"Tommy, your nose is bleeding."

Tommy reached up, and, sure enough, when Tommy pulled his hand away, there was blood.

"Shit," Tommy cursed.

Phil looked up and winced. "What happened, mate?"

Taking the towel Techno handed Tommy, Tommy placed the towel over his nose. "I fell down the stairs trying to find out what happened."

"Maybe try *not* falling down the stairs next time," Techno mumbled. "C'mon, let's fix your nose."

Techno led Tommy to the bathroom, and Tommy sat on the toilet. Soon, Techno found the first aid kit and began to wipe off some of the blood.

"Lean forward and breathe through your mouth," Techno instructed.

Tommy did, and he grimaced as Techno touched the part that hurt the most.

"Okay, I'm going to have to do something that will hurt, alright?"

Tommy gave a weak thumbs-up, and he had to hold back a screech when Techno moved the broken part of his nose back into place.

His stomach turned, and Techno ran a hand through Tommy's hair. "I know, Theseus. I know it hurts."

Theseus? Tommy thought. "How come you know so much about medical stuff?"

Techno stayed quiet as he wiped off blood. Then, once he got done, he looked through the medicine cabinet and pulled out a bottle. "Tylenol."

Tommy took the little cup after Techno poured the amount and gulped it down, wincing at the taste.

"We will have to go to the doctor's later to make sure you'll be okay," Techno murmured, beginning to wash out the washcloths he used to wipe Tommy's nose. "In the meantime..."

Techno bent down near Tommy's face and inspected Tommy's nose. "It's not fractured, which is good. So you should be able to feel better within the next twenty-four hours."

"...You didn't answer me earlier," Tommy noted.

"It's because that's a story I don't want to tell...but I will. You're here to stay, I think. It will explain why Wil reacted the way he did earlier. I can tell you're curious about that."

Tommy shifted on the toilet seat, watching as Techno washed out Tommy's blood.

"To explain, I have to from before Wil and I were born. Our mother was American, and our father was British. Both of them met each other in military training, and, well...they fell in love and planned to get married after the war."

"War?"

"...They both were involved in the Iraqi No-Fly Zone Conflict. They met back in 1991, and the conflict ended at the start of the Iraq War, in 2003. Anyway, they met each other while trying to keep themselves safe in the crossfire, and our dad took our mom and hid her. Several years later into the conflict, in 1997, Mom had me and Wil, and she was forced to keep us a secret. Pregnant women weren't allowed to fight."

"I see."

"One day, on the day the war ended, the generals found out about Mom and Dad, and they sent her away to her home country. Devastated but still smart, she knew she couldn't take care of us anymore, and Wil and I were six. I don't remember much, but I remember enough that I was also struggling to breathe this morning. Wil, and I got to the plane that was to take us home, but then a bomb went off near us. We looked back to make sure Mom was okay, but...well, I'll spare you the details. Basically, she was dead. That should have been enough for two kids, but then an enemy showed up and lit Wilbur's hand on fire, so that they could take Wil and I as hostages. I pickpocketed the gun he had and shot the person in the heart, and they died. That was the first and only person I've ever killed. Wil had managed to get the fire out, but he was sobbing, and it was a first-degree burn. We hid in a nearby underground bunker, and we waited until someone found us several hours later. During that time, I looked at the pictures in the first aid manual and figured out how to help levitate the pain, and we went back to America and into the foster care. Phil found us and adopted us, and...we've been family ever since."

Tommy's head swirled with thoughts. "Is that why Wil wears gloves?"

Techno nodded, hanging up the now-clean washcloths on the side of the tub. "Yep. And that's why I hate extremely loud noises."

"Wow. Okay. I wasn't expecting all of that. What happened to your father?"

"He went back to the UK, I would think. Anyway, I'm going to go help Phil make breakfast. You going to be okay?"

Tommy nodded, and Techno left.

Tommy took a deep breath and stood. *Techno and Wil are war kids? And...Techno killed a guy at age six?*

...

Tommy walked into the living room, where Wilbur was hugging a pillow, sniffing as he shook. Tommy sat beside him, sitting there quietly.

"Is your nose okay?" Wilbur asked after a few minutes.

The sizzling from the kitchen was loud. "Yeah, it'll be fine. Are *you* okay, Wil?"

Wilbur trembled, but he took a deep breath. "I guess. Techno told you, didn't he?"

"Yeah. He did."

"...Isn't it pathetic?"

"What do you mean?"

"I *mean*, it happened such a long time ago. It shouldn't scare me anymore. I shouldn't be so scared of fire."

"Wil, it happened when you were *six*. Of course it would stick with you. Anything that traumatizing will stick with a kid for years."

Wilbur wiped at his eyes. "I still feel like I'm being a big baby. I shouldn't be so scared."

Tommy sighed and hugged Wilbur. "You're not being a big baby. Feeling things is what makes us human, y'know?"

Wilbur stiffened, but his arms wrapped around Tommy after a minute. "...Thanks."

"No problem, Big Man."

"So, what do we want to do today?"

Tommy ate the last of his pancake and thought as he chewed. "Maybe we can go to the water park?"

"It's not even summer yet," Wilbur snorted. "It's *March*."

"You never know," Tommy defended. "Maybe there *is* a water park open."

"I doubt it," Phil replied honestly. "Maybe we can N.B.I.S.?"

"Yes," Wilbur and Techno said immediately.

"NBIS?" Tommy inquired. "Don't you mean *NCIS*?"

"Nope," Phil chuckled, "NBIS. No-Budget-Impulse-Shopping. Basically, we get to spend as much money as we have saved up, and we can buy anything impulsively if we would like to. Does that sound good to you, Tommy?"

Tommy nodded. "Yeah! That sounds poggers."

"Alright. Everyone, get ready."

Tommy hesitated, looking at the antiques and jewelry store. It was a hobby of his, one he kept from his parents because he was afraid they would say "See, Tamara? You're a girl! You like girly things!"

So, when Wilbur caught Tommy's eye, he grinned. "Hey, Phil, can we go over to the antiques place?"

"Of course, any reason why?"

Tommy glowered at Wilbur, crossing his arms.

"I like antiques," Wilbur smiled. "They fascinate me. The oldest antique in the world is the Lomekwi Stone tools. They were found in West Turkana, Kenya, and they're about about 3.3 million years old."

"You should've said something sooner," Phil chuckled. "Of course we can."

Tommy, although he would never admit it, was grateful for Wilbur, and, when Wilbur took Tommy's hand and squeezed, Tommy squeezed back.

As soon as Tommy stepped inside, the familiar scent of old things filled his nose, and Tommy had to physically restrain himself from looking around.

Wilbur let go of Tommy's hand and gave Phil a smile. "Tommy and I will meet you two back here in ten or so."

"Take your time," Phil replied.

Tommy took off walking quickly through the store, smiling widely. Then, he stopped and gasped.

"What is it, Tommy?" Wilbur asked.

Tommy looked up at Wilbur, eyes sparkling. "A statue of Athena! Athena is the Olympian goddess of wisdom and war and the patroness of the city of Athens. She was a virgin deity, and she was also associated with peace and handicrafts, especially spinning and weaving. Athena surpassed everybody in both of her main domains. Even Ares feared her, and all Greek heroes asked her for help and advice."

"Oh no, there's two if them," Wilbur joked. "Technoblade likes Greek mythology, too."

Tommy studied the statue. "It's gotta be about three thousand years old. It's worth 1.4 trillion dollars...! And this person is selling it for four million!"

"That's a lot of money for a statue," Wilbur commented.

"It's an *antique*, Wilbur!"

"I know. I study antiques in my spare time, but I'm nowhere near as advanced as you are."

Tommy gave Wilbur a bright smile. "This has *got* to be the most valuable thing here."

"Want to see?" Wilbur asked.

"Hell yeah!"

Tommy sat in the booth at McDonald's, chewing on a wad of straw wrapper's paper.

"Once you get done," Wilbur continued, taking his own out of his mouth, "you stick in the straw, and then—"

Wilbur aimed at a man passing by their table and blew. The spit-covered paper hit the man's arm, and he looked down on it and shrieked.

Tommy took out the paper and snickered, blowing his own spit wad at the man, the wad landing on the man's bald head this time.

"Who keeps shooting *spit wads*!?" the man cried. "I am Jack Manifold! If I find one more spit wad, I will force you to pay a million dollars for damages!"

Wilbur and Tommy looked at each other and held back their giggles as Phil and Techno came back from getting food.

"What are you two smiling about?" Phil asked, placing the bags with food on the table.

"Nothing," Tommy grinned, reaching into the bag and grabbing out his two BigMacs.

"Wil probably taught Tommy how to make spit wads," Techno chimed in, picking up a chicken nugget.

"Me? Doing that? Never," Wilbur smirked, taking a sip of his Dr. Pepper.

"Wil," Phil sighed, shaking his head. "I can't *believe*—"

Tommy snatched a fry.

"Aye, mate!" Phil exclaimed. "That's a little rude, innit?"

"Nooo," Tommy said around a full mouth. "Never."

Phil leaned over, and—

"Oi! Dickhead! No stealing my food!"

A chorus of laughter was heard.

"I want a pet," Techno said suddenly.

Phil looked over at Techno, wiping his hands on a napkin. "What kind?"

"A piglet."

"Tommy's eyebrows furrowed. "...Piglet?"

"Yeah. I want a pig so I can name it Pep."

"Piglets are cute," Wilbur noted. "I'm cool with that, although a dog would be just as cool."

"Christ, Techno," Phil sighed. "A *pig*. Out of all animals, you choose a pig."

"At least I didn't ask for a tarantula," Techno reasoned, "or a millipede."

Phil shuddered. "Okay, then. Look, I don't even know if we can find a pig."

Techno sighed. "Yeah. And they could make a mess."

"Yeah."

"I'll take a dog, then."

"I wouldn't mind a dog," Phil admitted. "Wil? Tommy? You two okay with adopting a dog?"

"Yes!" Wilbur nodded excitedly. "I wouldn't mind having a dog in the house!"

...

Tommy didn't realize it until now, but he *really* wanted a dog. "Hell yeah."

"Then we will get a dog," Phil decided.

Tommy's heart melted as he stared into one of the cages.

It was a fluffy dog, and it stared up at Tommy with wide eyes.

"I found one," Tommy called to Phil, Wilbur, and Techno. They came over to Tommy.

Techno silently bent down and poked his finger through the bars of the cage. The dog carefully walked up to Techno, sniffed Techno's finger, then licked it and began wagging its tail.

"I want this one," Techno said quietly, petting the dog's ear with his fingers. "Hi, Floof. Welcome to the family."

Tommy sat on the couch, watching as Techno pet the dog with a wide smile on his face. Wilbur was right beside Techno, cooing to the dog.

"Tommy," Phil murmured, watching his sons pet the puppy, "I was thinking. Do you think...maybe...you would benefit from therapy?"

Tommy stared at Phil. "Therapy...?"

"Just to maybe, I don't know, talk to someone. Work with someone on everything."

Tommy thought for a minute. "Maybe. I need a while to think about it."

"That's fair," Phil nodded. "You don't have to decide right now."

Tommy gave Phil a smile. "Thanks, Da—Phil."

"You can call me 'Dad,' you know."

"...Yeah, I know. Sorry. It's just a habit."

Phil ran his fingers through Tommy's hair. "You're a good kid, you know that?"

Tommy leaned against Phil, closing his eyes. "Thanks, Dad."

"Anytime."

"Uh...Phil?" Wilbur's voice shook.

"Yeah, Wil?"

"...The dog is trying to eat the tablecloth."

"AYE!"

She Is Messy, But She's Kind

Chapter Notes

I can't believe this is getting sm attention pangoenfkejgkfj—

TW///Kidnapping, transphobia, slurs, murder, blood

The next few weeks were good.

Tommy went back to Olive Garden and was given a male's uniform; Techno and Tommy exercised often together; Wilbur and Tommy would hang out when Tommy wanted someone to talk to; and he helped Phil take care of Floof.

Yes, life was good.

One Saturday morning, Tommy awoke before his alarm, and he looked up at the calendar.

April 9th.

Tommy's lips stretched into a wide grin, and he threw back the sheets and raced downstairs.

"Good morning, Tommy," Phil greeted, spreading some butter upon a couple of slices of toasted bread. "You seem energetic today."

Tommy hummed. "It's a special day for me."

"Is it now? You have a date?"

"No! Dad!"

"It's a possibility," Phil shrugged. "So...?"

Tommy's shoulders slumped. *They don't remember.* "Ah, I don't know. I just feel like today is special."

"Well, it's nice to see you're in a good mood," Phil smiled.

Tommy weakly smiled back.

Mr. Schlatt, the principal, opened the door, and Tommy swallowed his nervousness. No matter how many times Tommy came over to hang out with Tubbo, Mr. Schlatt always intimidated him.

"Ah, Tommy! Happy birthday!" Mr. Schlatt said cheerfully while stepping out of the way.
"Tubbo and Ranboo are upstairs."

"Thanks," Tommy nodded, quickly making his way to Tubbo's room.

It was messy as usual, with science experiments and such littering the floor, and—was that a *human heart*!?

"Tommy Innit!" Tubbo beamed from the bed.

Ranboo was cradling a freaky doll thing and rocking it back and forth. He gave Tommy a smile, to which Tommy returned.

"Hey," Tommy nodded, sitting on the bed beside Tubbo. "What's that freaky thing?"

"It's our project, remember? We have to be parents for three weeks."

"Oh, yeah." Tommy vaguely remembered Tubbo and Ranboo rattling on about a project, and Tommy had to help a "friendship wedding" ensue. It was odd that Ranboo and Tubbo were becoming so close, but, hey. At least Tommy wasn't forgotten. "Yeah, I remember now. You two named it Michael, yeah?"

"Yep," Ranboo nodded. "Isn't he adorable?"

Tommy looked down and wrinkled his nose. "It looks like a satanic potato."

"Take that comment back, or you will die on your birthday," Tubbo said calmly with a maniacal grin on his face.

"...Michael looks...uh...distorted."

It was true. The doll had a curly mass of hair sticking to the top, and the plastic over the doll's right eye was torn so that Tommy could see the endoskeleton inside.

Tommy shivered. "Are we sure this thing isn't a Five Night's At Freddy's animatronic?"

Ranboo narrowed their eyes. "Don't be mean. Michael is a sweetheart. He might not look normal, but you're not supposed to judge people based on their looks."

"You're right," Tommy amended. "I'm sorry. I'm sure he's very poggers, but he's also a little creepy to me."

Tubbo shook his head. "Moving on, happy birthday, Big Man!"

Tommy gave Tubbo a bright smile. "Thanks, Tubs."

"Yeah, happy birthday, Tommy," Ranboo murmured.

Tommy grinned. "Thanks. So, who wants to go play some Minecraft?"

Tommy waved. "Bye! See you guys tomorrow!"

"Bye, Tommy!" Tubbo called, and Tommy was walking down the sidewalk.

He'd spent the whole day there, and he had *just* got a text from Phil saying it was time for dinner. The sun was bright but going down, and Tommy couldn't help but feel happy despite the morning.

Suddenly, a van pulled up beside Tommy, and Tommy froze, staring at it.

A person shot out of it and yanked Tommy inside before Tommy could scream. The door slammed shut, and Tommy was thrown into the back.

Tommy winced, looking up at his kidnappers.

Tommy's father and an old family friend, Eret.

Tommy's blood ran cold.

"I fucking told you you'd pay for this," Mr. Innit spat. "Eret, drive."

Eret complied, and Mr. Innit kicked Tommy in the ribs.

"Fucking faggot," Mr. Innit growled. "Thinking you're a boy. You're a *girl*, Tamara! You're my *daughter*! I do *not* have a son!"

Tommy stayed quiet, clenching his fists.

Another kick to the ribs, and Tommy yelped.

"Well? Got anything to say, smartass? Ain't got your fag friends around to help you. I'll tell you what. You announce to me you're a girl, and you take that binder off, or else I will have to discipline you."

Tommy narrowed his eyes at Mr. Innit, but said nothing.

Mr. Innit's face showed disappointment. "Such a shame. Tamara, do you know why I'm doing this?"

Mr. Innit bent down and grabbed Tommy's jaw so Tommy was forced to look at him.

"You're a confused little girl, and you ran away from your parents who want you to have the best life. If you're trans, everyone will hate you."

Tommy gritted his teeth and pushed Mr. Innit away. "Leave me the fuck alone, and let me go."

Mr. Innit rolled his eyes. "We'll talk when we get home."

As Mr. Innit made his way to the front, Tommy pulled out his phone, hands shaking, and he cursed silently. His phone battery was at 2%.

TommyInnit: SOS

WilburSoot: Wait what???

WilburSoot: Tommy!?

TommyInnit: it's my dad

TommyInnit: He's got me

WilburSoot: Turn on your location, I'll find you

Just as Tommy turned on his location, his phone died.

Tommy's heart skipped a beat.

Tommy was doomed.

Tommy's breathing became short as he stood in the very same living house he'd left a month ago.

"Tamara! My little girl!" Mrs. Innit sobbed, hugging Tommy to her. "How are you doing, honey?"

"She still thinks she's a boy," Mr. Innit sneered.

"Oh, so you think we'll..." Mrs. Innit's voice trailed off.

"Yes." The death grip around Tommy's wrist tightened. "C'mon."

Mr. Innit forced Tommy to the basement door, and Tommy couldn't breathe.

"You'll stay down there until you stop this nonsense," Mr. Innit growled, opening the door and shoving Tommy down the stairs.

This time, Tommy was prepared, so he flipped onto his back, as to not break his nose again. When the basement clicked shut and locked, Tommy groaned and began to panic.

I'll be stuck down here forever.

Tommy had to hold back the nausea that hit his stomach just then.

What he wouldn't give to be back at Tubbo's an hour ago, talking and laughing as they blew up Ranboo's house.

Tommy curled into a ball on the cold floor, feeling something warm and wet hit his fingers as he gripped his hair.

Blood.

Tommy knew better than to fall asleep, so he sat up, holding his hand to the spot that was bleeding. He felt his heart pound, and Tommy screamed.

Tommy could see out of a small hole in the wall that it was dark outside. Tommy yelled once again at the door.

"Fucking asshole! Let me go!" he screeched, running up the stairs and pounding on the door.

Tommy's voice was growing hoarse, and he was really hungry and tired. All he wanted was to be back at home, playing with Floof while Wilbur and Techno call Tommy a child and Phil cooking something that is sure to be delicious.

He closed his eyes and silently begged the gods that this was all a nightmare and that he'd wake up soon.

When Tommy opened his eyes, he was still in the basement.

It was growing cold, and so Tommy went back into the basement and sat on the old couch, hugging his knees. His eyes were dry from crying so much, and his throat ached and screamed for water.

Tommy just wanted this torture to end.

As Tommy was finally drifting off to sleep, he heard the door open, so he jumped up. When he saw Eret coming down the stairs, Tommy sat down. He knew from earlier from Mr. Innit that it would be better to not fight back, to just sit there and take the pain.

Eret gave Tommy a sympathetic look. "I'm sorry."

Tommy blinked. "What?"

"If I knew he was as bad as he is, I wouldn't have helped him kidnap you," Eret explained. "Come on. We're getting you out of here."

Hope flickered in Tommy's heart. "How do I know this isn't a prank?"

"I got a text from someone that, if I were to return you to some address, they'd pay me a thousand dollars. Plus, I'm LGBT, too. All pronouns."

Tommy's eyes shimmered. "Oh. Wow."

"We'll have to be careful," Eret said quietly. "Follow me."

Tommy scrambled to his feet and tiptoed after Eret up the stairs.

They got to the back door (seeing as Mr. Innit and Mrs. Innit were upstairs, asleep) when Tommy felt something hit the back of his head.

Tommy whirled around and gasped.

"You're not leaving, Tamara," Mr. Innit snarled. "Step away from the traitor, and I'll make things easier."

"He's staying with me," Eret said, putting himself between Mr. Innit and Tommy.

Mr. Innit's face turned red. "I fucking hate you."

Mr. Innit picked up a nearby wine bottle, and Tommy pulled Eret back.

"We have to go," Tommy whispered.

Eret looked back at Tommy and smiled sadly. "Then you go."

"What!? I can't just leave you!"

"I'm dead either way," Eret murmured. "Run. Get help."

Tommy shook his head quickly. "I'm not leaving you."

Eret sighed and shoved Tommy away just before the bottle collided with Eret's neck.

Tommy screamed as the glass shattered, lodging itself into Eret's skin. Mr. Innit tackled Eret as Tommy ran out the door, and Tommy could hear Eret choking on her own blood.

Tommy got to the sidewalk before his stomach lurched.

Gasping for air with the taste of bile in his mouth, Tommy took off running, yelling for help.

But nobody came.

Tommy suddenly stumbled onto the pavement, falling in the process. Skin ripped from his knee, Tommy howled with pain, clutching it.

"Tamara!"

Shit.

Tommy forced himself to stand, and he was running once more, but not as fast.

"Tamara!" Mr. Innit's shrill voice was singing. "Come here, Tamara!"

Tommy ducked into an alleyway, praying that Mr. Innit wouldn't follow. However, much to Tommy's fear, he did.

Tommy got to the end of the alleyway and looked at Mr. Innit, struggling to breathe.

It's been hours since Tommy put on the binder.

Tommy glanced around fearfully and found a dirty, rusted knife. He snatched it up and aimed it at Mr. Innit, who was standing a few feet away.

"Tamara!" Mr. Innit laughed, his eyes wide with psychotic enjoyment. "My girl! You can't kill me! I'm your father!"

"You are *not* my father," Tommy spat, his voice shaking a bit.

"I am, though," Mr. Innit chortled. "I just want to wish you a happy birthday, my dear *daughter~*"

Mr. Innit stepped forward, and Tommy could barely see the glint of a piece of bloody glass in Mr. Innit's grasp.

"Happy birthday to you~"

Tommy held back a sob. The once-innocent song became sinister and vile, causing Tommy's stomach to turn again.

"Happy birthday to you~"

"Leave me alone," Tommy begged, his grip on the knife growing ever-so slightly.

"Happy birthday dear Tamara~"

Mr. Innit's face was less than an inch from Tommy's, and Tommy steadied his hand.

"Happy birthday to you."

As soon as Mr. Innit's hand wrapped around Tommy's throat, Tommy screeched and plunged the rusty knife directly into Mr. Innit.

Mr. Innit stumbled back with a cry, and Tommy pulled the knife out, shaking madly. When Mr. Innit lunged for Tommy again, Tommy shoved the knife deep into Mr. Innit's skull, and, suddenly, Mr. Innit was limp.

Tommy's hand was still around the knife as he stared, tears rolling down his face.

It's done.

Mr. Innit is dead.

Tommy stayed on Mr. Innit's phone, quietly giving Phil and the police directions to the alleyway.

"Take a left, and I'll be down the third one on the right," Tommy instructed, wiping some dirt from his cheek.

"Alright, we will be there in a minute." Phil's voice was carefully calm, but Tommy could hear the worry.

"Okay." Tommy clicked off, and, sure enough, Tommy could hear sirens drawing closer.

Tommy closed his eyes and opened them when he heard multiple footsteps come running through the darkness.

A flashlight hit Tommy's face, causing Tommy to flinch. Several more joined them, and Tommy found about five officers standing there, pointing their flashlights at Tommy.

"Tommy?"

Tommy's heart ached at the sound of Phil's worried voice.

"Tommy!"

Phil was suddenly right in front of Tommy, gripping Tommy's shoulders tightly.

"Tommy, thank the gods, are you okay?"

"I've witnessed and committed murder on my eighteenth birthday. Does it seem like I'm okay?"

Phil let out a huff of a laugh, and Wilbur and Techno arrived just behind Phil.

"Tommy!" the twins said in unison, one with pure fear and the other with relief. They bent down beside Phil and began talking at once.

"Can we just go home?" Tommy mumbled, and Techno and Wilbur went silent.

"Of course we can, Toms," Phil said quietly. "Whatever you want."

"Excuse me, Mr. Watson?" one of the officers said quietly. "We need to ask Tommy a few questions."

"Can't you see he's exhausted?" Phil snapped, turning to glare. "He just *killed* his *birth father* in *self-defense* after being *kidnapped*, and you want to ask this boy *questions* when *all* he wants to do is go home and celebrate his birthday!?"

The officer sighed. "...Alright. I'll tell you what. We'll let this young man go for the night, but he *will* have to come in for questioning tomorrow."

"That's fine," Phil grumbled. Then, kindly: "Let's go home, Toms."

Tommy laid on his bed, quietly listening to Phil and Techno talk in the corner as Wilbur tuned his guitar. The car ride home had been silent, and, once Tommy stepped through the door, he spotted Niki, who had babysat Floof while Techno, Wilbur, and Phil were gone.

Immediately, Phil and Techno got to work at cleaning and getting Tommy to feeling a little better.

"Tommy?" Wilbur's soft voice cut through the quiet.

Tommy turned his head, watching as said boy pulled up a chair and sat down. "Yeah?"

"I, uh, made you a birthday present," he murmured.

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I wrote you a song. Would...would you like to hear it?"

"Of course, Big Man."

Wilbur cleared his throat, and [the strumming of a guitar began.](#)

*"When the sun sheds its golden hues,
And the rows of yellow roses are in bloom,
Its on mornings like these that I feel most at ease;
No, there's not a place that I'd rather be.*

*For the pollen and warmth in the air,
And the colours in my brother's braided hair,
And the faraway sound of the footsteps that bound—
Life has never been better than now.*

*Feel my heart like a passerine fly;
Catch my breath as I look to the sky;
Calm the thoughts that have troubled my mind;
Just for a moment, maybe things will be fine.*

*For the first time in years, so it seems,
You appear like an ethereal dream;
Now I'm drawn to your name like a moth set aflame,
And forgiving the ghosts that remain.*

*There you are with your arms open wide,
Free my breath as I look to the sky;
Just this once I'll set worry aside;
If for a moment, it'll mean that everything's fine;
For in this little moment, life is alright."*

Tommy felt himself relax, and, once Wilbur finished, Tommy smiled. "Thanks."

"Happy birthday, Tommy," Wilbur murmured. "Happy birthday, my little brother. I love you."

Tommy closed his eyes, and he dreamed.

She Is Lonely Most Of The Time

Chapter Notes

*Keep in mind I know little about trials. This is written with whatever research I've done.

CW///Mentions of murder, trials, transphobia, mentions of a vagina and breasts

Tommy took a breath, gripping his jeans tightly and ignoring the pain that coursed throughout his body. "That's what happened, sir."

Officer Sapnap scribbled a few things down. "Alright, thank you." He looked up and gave Tommy a kind smile. "I have no doubt in my mind that you're innocent, and that this was out of self-defense. However, as to keep the law, you'll have to have a trial. Do you have a lawyer?"

Tommy shook his head. "I wish I did, but no. I don't."

"I see." Sapnap rubbed his chin. "Well, I have a suggestion. He's a friend of mine. George? He's a good lawyer. I'll help pay for the expenses."

Tommy swallowed and nodded. "That would be nice."

"Alright. Sadly, we will have to keep you in custody, or put you in solitary confinement until the trial is over. We don't want you...having to get yourself in deeper water, y'know?"

Tommy nodded. "Will I be able to talk to Phil? And Wil and Techno?"

Officer Sapnap gave Tommy a sad look. "Only when a lawyer is present to gather information."

"Oh."

"So, Tommy, I'm sorry to say, but you will have to be treated as a criminal until proven innocent."

"I thought it was that we were innocent until proven guilty?"

"Yes and no. We need to treat you with caution, but it's not as severe unless you're convicted."

"Oh."

"Yeah. C'mon."

This "George" guy is a shitty lawyer, in Tommy's opinion.

He always fell asleep!

Tommy took a deep breath and curled his fists, following a couple of officers out of the back. He spotted a couple of news cameras, and he forced himself to look ahead.

Finally, when he got to position, he took a deep breath as the judge began to speak.

"Today is the trial of Tommy Innit, who presumably murdered his birth father, Mr. Ronald Innit." The judge smiled, and she said calmly, "My name is Judge Kristin, Tommy. I wish you —" she turned to Mrs. Innit, "—and you the best of luck."

Everyone began talking at once, and Judge Kristin cleared her throat, causing silence.

"Alright," Judge Kristin began. "Let's begin with the witness. Mr. Wilbur Soot?"

Wilbur stepped forward. "On April 9th, at 6:14 PM, I had got a text from Tommy Innit, saying that he needed help and was kidnapped by his father. The evidence are in the screenshots I sent the police."

"Show the screenshots," Judge Kristin ordered.

There was a projector, and Officer Bad stepped forward, clicking on the screenshots on the computer. Sure enough, there were the texts from Tommy and Wilbur.

TommyInnit: SOS

WilburSoot: Wait what???

WilburSoot: Tommy!?

TommyInnit: it's my dad

TommyInnit: He's got me

WilburSoot: Turn on your location, I'll find you

"Did Tommy turn on his location?" Judge Kristin inquired.

"Yes, for a brief moment before his phone died."

"And how do you know this?"

"We installed a tracking app on Tommy's phone after Mr. Innit made a threat earlier. After a few weeks, Tommy turned off his location, I assume."

"Why was the threat made?"

"Tommy is transgender, female to male. Mr. Innit is transphobic, and he attempted to kidnap Tommy after school one day, but he couldn't, seeing as they were on school grounds. He promised to get back at Tommy when Tommy turned eighteen."

"Thank you. Mr. Watson, please step forward."

Phil stepped up just as Wilbur stepped back.

"Mrs. Innit, please explain what happened the night your son left."

Mrs. Innit stepped forward. "Actually, Tamara is my daughter. And—"

"For the duration of this trial, Mrs. Innit, I must request you use Tommy's current name and pronouns."

"But she is my *daughter*!"

"If you do not comply, Mrs. Innit, I will be forced to question your parenting skills more than I do already."

Mrs. Innit opened her mouth, as if to say more, but Judge Kristin cut her off.

"If you want to get into a debate about your child's gender, then I'm afraid we will have to end the trial early to do that. Is this what you want, Mrs. Innit?"

Mrs. Innit shut her mouth.

"Good. Now, please. Speak."

"Alright. My child had just come home from working at Olive Garden, back in February, and, almost a half an hour later, she comes bounding down the stairs—"

"He."

"Yeah, yeah. Anyway, my child comes bounding down the stairs, a backpack on her back, and she looked at me and my husband and explained that she was moving out. At seventeen! And Ronald and I could *not* handle it, so we left, hoping at Tamara would come to her senses."

"As I've said before, Mrs. Innit, please refer to Tommy by his current name and pronouns."

"My dau—"

"Alright, you know what? Please be quiet, Mrs. Innit. You are being disrespectful towards your son."

"Respect is nothing when it's the truth you're saying!" Mrs. Innit cried. "My child is a confused little girl who claims she's a boy! I'm going to use her *real* name and pronouns, not this—this *fake* name! It's just simply not right to give in to the delusions a child has."

"You must've been a fun mom, huh?" Judge Kristin muttered. "Look, Mrs. Innit, I'm sorry to say, but these are the rules here. We will be forced to move on from your side of the story if you do not treat your son—who is a human worthy of respect—like he is your son, and not some trophy that you can display, claiming that he's a cis straight woman."

"But it's the truth!" Mrs. Innit argued. "Tamara is a *female*! She was born with breasts and a vagina, thus she is a woman!"

"Mrs. Innit, this is a new era," Judge Kristin said firmly. "You need to let go of those old-fashioned beliefs that gender is simply decided when you're born. According to the Merriam-Webster's Dictionary: 'Gender is a subclass within a grammatical class (such as noun, pronoun, adjective, or verb) of a language that is partly arbitrary but also partly based on distinguishable characteristics (such as shape, social rank, manner of existence, or sex) and that determines agreement with and selection of other words or grammatical forms.' This goes to say, your sex does not define your gender. True, your son may have been born a female, but he identifies—and is—a man. You will show him the respect of a man."

"This is preposterous! Completely absurd!"

"No, ma'am, what is completely absurd is the fact that you won't gender your child correctly for the sake of this trial, and that the only reason you're being a bitch is because of your husband and social status, rather than being a good person and actually giving a shit about your son's mental health."

Mrs. Innit glared at Judge Kristin, and Tommy couldn't help the small smile that formed on his lips.

This judge is badass.

Day 1 of the trial, and no progress had been made. The trial *did* become a debate, and Judge Kristin won. Mrs. Innit stormed out of the courthouse, screaming about how everyone in there was going to hell, and she was officially not allowed in the courthouse ever again there in town.

Day 2 arrived, and Tommy did, too. The current topic at hand: the missing person's report that came up the night Tommy left.

"You *are* aware, Mr. Watson, that you, by the definition, committed kidnapping yourself?"

Phil sighed. "Miss Kristin, may I say something?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"I let Tommy decide whether or not he wanted to stay with me for as long as he wished. He agreed to it. How is that kidnapping?"

"He was under the age of eighteen," Judge Kristin sighed. "If a child is five, and a creepy man in a van of candy offered for the child to come up into the van, and the child agrees, is that not kidnapping?"

Phil's mouth stayed shut. Finally, he nodded. "It is. I apologize. I did not realize what I was doing was against the law."

"Ignorance of the law is not an excuse. However, I will take that into consideration. Officer Bad, did Mr. or Mrs. Innit attempt to search for their child, outside of the potential kidnapping at school and what happened on April 9th?"

"According to our records, they only called once. They did not ask for us to search for the child, but we kept an eye out for him. I went to Mr. Watson's house to inquire about the missing child, and he honestly said 'Yes. But he is being harmed at home emotionally and mentally, so I took him from the environment.' Perhaps I should've done something to take Tommy back, and I may lose my job over this, but I feel as though it was the right thing to do. I even stepped inside and saw Tommy playing video games with Wilbur and Technoblade. I couldn't take Tommy away from the place he felt safe in," Bad explained.

"You realize you should've said something, yes?"

Bad looked down. "Yes, but I don't completely regret my decision."

"Hm...so it appears that we might have to have two trials."

Day 3, and they were at the point where George and Tommy could speak.

"The murder weapon was a rusty knife, correct?" Judge Kristin asked.

"Yes," George nodded.

"Mr. Innit was shown to have two wounds." Judge Kristin motioned to the monitor, which showed a picture of Mr. Innit's dead body. "One in the stomach, and one in his head. The entire blade, as well as some of the handle, was covered in Mr. Innit's blood, and it was obvious he moved around, seeing as there was blood in a trail. There was blood on the victim's hand and blood on a shard of glass. With this information in mind, Mr. NotFound, could you explain what happened?"

"According to Tommy, Mr. Innit was coming closer, holding a shard of glass from the wine bottle used to kill Eret. Just as Mr. Innit was about to harm Tommy, Tommy plunged the knife into the victim's stomach, then into his skull after he tried to harm Tommy again."

"Yes, I see. We have already confirmed the victim to be the murderer of Eret, so I have very little doubt in my mind that he would also try to kill Tommy, who witnessed the whole thing."

Tommy's hands shook. "Miss Kristin, may I say something?"

Judge Kristin looked down at Tommy, her eyes kind. "Yes, you may."

"This is about Mr. Watson. I asked if I could go. I *wanted* to live anywhere else. I was going to leave, but I didn't due to not knowing where I would go, and I was happy there. I would've been eighteen in less than two months. I knew what I was doing, running away from that abusive household. I would like for him to go free, although I have a feeling things won't be that simple. That is all."

Tommy stepped back an inch, shaking with a breath.

"Thank you for your input," Judge Kristin murmured. "Alright. That's all for today. The results will come after I decide about Mr. Watson's part in this."

Tommy sat in the completely white room, eyes closed. They...they *couldn't* take Phil away! Phil *saved* Tommy!

They *had* to let Phil go free.

Tommy wanted a hug.

That's all he wanted.

But there was no-one but the ghosts of his past to help him feel better.

Day 4: the day where Phil would be either charged with kidnapping or let go.

"I will admit," Judge Kristin murmured. "I wish you would've told someone rather than taking matters in your own hands, Mr. Watson. However, due to the circumstances, I declare you not guilty."

Phil's eyes stayed steely. "Thank you, Judge Kristin."

Judge Kristin looked over at Tommy and hesitated. With that, Tommy's heart sank.

"We need some more time to decide whether or not you're guilty," she said. "This because, according to the testimony, you attacked Mr. Innit once before he harmed you."

Yet again, Tommy was alone.

That's all he was anymore.

Day 5.

It was the day the verdict was to be decided.

To say the least, Tommy was struggling to breathe.

"Mr. Tommy Innit," Judge Kristin began, "I would like to start off by saying that I'm sorry you spent your eighteenth birthday getting kidnapped and watching murders happen before your very eyes. Sincerely, I'm sorry. Now, for the official verdict."

Tommy swallowed.

"I consulted with everyone, and I myself must agree with them. Tommy Innit, the decision of the murder of Mr. Ronald Innit..."

Tommy held his breath.

"...Is that you are not guilty. This is our final verdict."

Tommy's heart skipped a beat. "C-Come again?"

"You are not guilty of the death of Mr. Innit. It was of self-defense that you killed him."

Tommy's legs collapsed, and George caught him. Tears slid down Tommy's cheeks as he laughed aloud.

Everyone else was talking, but Phil, Wilbur, and Techno were laughing. Yes, even the normally stone-faced Technoblade was crying and laughing with his family.

That was it.

Tommy was a free man.

Not guilty.

As soon as Tommy stepped onto school grounds, he was bombarded with reporters and students.

Tommy just gave a tight smile and made his way through the crowd, wanting nothing more than to see his friends.

Ranboo and Tubbo weren't in their usual spot, and Tommy hesitated.

Hopefully, they don't hate me.

Tommy went up to Mr. Sam. "Um, Mr. Sam? Do you know where Tubbo and Ranboo went?"

Mr. Sam gave Tommy a warm smile. "They're in my classroom, taking care of Michael."

"Thanks," Tommy murmured, and he felt a hand on his arm.

"I'm proud of you, Tommy," Mr. Sam muttered, moving his hand away from Tommy's arm.

Tommy held back tears as he smiled up at his teacher. He quickly made his way to Mr. Sam's classroom, where, sure enough, Tubbo was running a brush through that creepy-ass doll's hair and Ranboo reading a book silently.

Tommy opened the door, and the two boys looked up. Tubbo handed Ranboo the doll and walked up to Tommy, his expression unreadable.

"...Hey?" Tommy greeted weakly.

Tubbo raised his hand and—

SLAP!

"Ow! The fuck was that for!?" Tommy exclaimed, holding his cheek.

"You fucking asshole." Tubbo's voice was cracking with emotion. "You could've fucking *died*. I could've lost my best mate."

"I'm sorry," Tommy mumbled.

Tubbo threw his arms around Tommy, and Tommy almost stumbled back. Tommy wrapped his arms around Tubbo with a sigh. "I really am sorry."

"Next time, if you decide to deal with your shitty-ass parents, let me know first, you dick," Tubbo mumbled.

Tommy patted Tubbo's hair. "Got it, Big Man. You're being kinda clingy right now. Cringe."

Tubbo narrowed his eyes up at Tommy. "Shut up, you dick."

Tommy let out a laugh. "Alright."

Ranboo gave Tommy a smile from where he was sitting. "You doing okay, then?"

Tommy nodded. "Yep. Just kinda worried about the aftermath. I'm afraid people are gonna riot against what happened in the trial."

"Ah. Speaking of the trial, Tubbo almost cried when you were proven innocent."

Tommy cooed. "That's sweet, Tubs."

Tubbo pulled away and kicked Tommy in the shins. "Shut the fuck up, asshole."

Tommy screeched with pain, but he also laughed. "Fuckin' missed you guys."

When Tommy got home, he couldn't help but smile at the sight that greeted him.

Techno was petting Floof while Wilbur was playing music, and Phil was eating some cookies.

They all looked up at Tommy and beamed.

"Want a cookie?" Phil asked, holding the plate out to Tommy. *Sugar cookie.*

"Sure," Tommy replied, closing the door and plopping onto the couch. "Everything alright?"

"Yep," Phil nodded. "Considered kicking Wil out."

"Why?"

"You know the sand for the cactus in the kitchen?"

Tommy nodded. "The same sand that's been going missing?"

"Yeah. Well, it turns out *Wil has been fucking eating the fucking sand!*"

Tommy let out a wheeze, causing Techno and Floof to jump. Between laughs, he muttered a "sorry" before laughing more.

"But sand feels good between the teeth," Wilbur whined. "Really good while coming home from the beach."

"You're *disgusting!*" Tommy snorted, his sides hurting from laughing so hard.

"Can all of you shut up?" Techno asked, deadpan. "Some of us want to watch TV."

She Is All Of This Mixed Up And Baked In A Beautiful Pie

Chapter Notes

Hey, it's been a few days, huh?

CW///Self-harm, talk of murder (joking), mentions of terminal illness

"Dad, why is Judge Kristin in our house?" Tommy asked from the doorway after school one day.

Phil looked up, holding a teacup. "Oh! Hey, Toms. Kristin and I are just talking."

"It's so good to see you again, Tommy," Kristin smiled. "How is everything?"

"Not...Not bad?" Tommy muttered. "What the hell?"

"Tommy," Phil frowned. "Please be polite."

"Sorry," Tommy sighed. "Gotta go study. Finals are comin' up."

As Tommy walked up the stairs, he heard Phil tell a really bad joke, and Kristin laughed.

Maybe Phil and Kristin could get together?

"So? Were you accepted?" Tubbo inquired, leaning on Tommy's desk, trying to get a good look at the acceptance (or dooming) letter.

Tommy's hands shook, but he was beaming. "Dear Tommy Innit, we are proud to inform you that you are accepted into Manberg University!"

Manberg University was the most prestigious school in the country that was actually affordable. It only accepted the best (or second-best) in each academic pursuit, like math, English (which is why Techno was going), and science. Tubbo didn't want to get into that school, so he applied for a different scientific school that helped train for making nuclear weapons for the country for wars. Ranboo was going to some cooking school, hoping to become a famous chef.

"That's amazing!" Tubbo cheered, pumping a fist into the air. "Way to go, Big Man!"

"Can we get some PogChamps in the chat!?" Tommy joked, looking at an invisible camera.

"No," Ranboo stated.

The trio let out a chorus of laughter.

Today was a good day.

Tommy stood in line, feeling quite uncomfortable in the cap and gown he was forced to wear. Waiting for his diploma was *torture*; why did they have to wear these disgustingly horrifying robes?

Finally, Principal Schlatt called out, "Tommy Innit."

Tommy walked up the stairs, eyes focused on the diploma in Mr. Schlatt's hands. When Tommy got onstage, Mr. Schlatt gave Tommy a warm smile.

"I'm proud of you and how far you've come this year," Mr. Schlatt whispered, handing Tommy the diploma with a handshake.

Tommy firmly shook Mr. Schlatt's hand back. "Thank you, Sir."

For once, Tommy was not afraid of Mr. Schlatt. In fact, Mr. Schlatt even seemed a little goofy, like he could take a good joke.

Time seemed to slow down, and memories of past years flew inside his brain.

"What's your name?" a young boy with brown hair inquired, sitting beside 5-year-old Tommy in kindergarten.

"Tamara. Tamara Innit," Tommy murmured. "What's your name?"

"Toby Smith. But everyone calls me Tubbo. I'm happy to say that you're my new best friend."

"Wha—We just met!"

"So?"

Tommy thought, then shrugged, smiling. "You're kinda annoying."

"Hey!"

Tommy let out a wheeze.

"My dad's the principal of the high school," Tubbo informed Tommy as they sat at some tables.

"Really? That's so cool!"

"Right!?"

"Wait, so, where's your Mama?"

"She's dead," Tubbo replied simply.

"Oh..." Tommy frowned. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine. Hey! Wanna talk about nukes!?"

It was 5th grade, and Tommy glared at the boy in the front with half-white, half-black hair.

"Class, I would like you to meet Ranboo Beloved," Mrs. Rose explained as the tall boy stood awkwardly. "Ranboo, you can sit beside Tubbo. Tubbo, raise your hand."

Tubbo raised his hand, and Tommy couldn't help but feel jealous. Tubbo was HIS best friend.

Ranboo sat down, and Tubbo immediately began talking to Ranboo, who looked baffled.

Tommy wanted nothing more than to hit this weirdo.

Tommy sat beside Ranboo, silently cursing to himself in math.

"What's wrong?" 12-year-old Ranboo inquired.

"Shut up!" Tommy growled.

Ranboo looked over at Tommy's paper. "Forgot about homework?"

Tommy glared. "I said, shut up!"

Ranboo shrugged and looked ahead, sliding his paper out just enough so Tommy could see what he wrote.

Tommy froze. Was...Ranboo letting Tommy cheat off of his paper?

Maybe, Tommy thought, racing to copy down the answers, Ranboo isn't so bad.

"Hey, Tommy!" It was the first year of high school, and Tubbo was running at him like a maniac.

"Yeah?"

"I, uh, made us something." It was just then that Tommy noticed the gold chain around Tubbo's neck.

"Really?"

"Yeah." Tubbo reached into his bag and pulled out a compass, with a chain looped through the top.

Tommy carefully took the compass and opened it, almost gasping when he saw what was inscribed in the inside of the compass.

Your Tubbo.

"The compasses are supposed to lead the other person back to whoever has the other compass. That person would be me," Tubbo explained.

Tommy forced away the tears that stung in his eyes. "Thanks, Tubs."

BANG BANG BANG!

Tommy awoke with a start, grabbing the pocketknife he kept beside his bed in case of emergencies. Then, he groaned.

Wilbur was in his room, banging pans together.

"Time to wake up!" Wilbur sang. "Your first day as a free adult!"

"Fuckin' leave me alone and let me sleep," Tommy grumbled, putting the knife away and flopping back onto the pillows. "I'm fucking tired. Go away, dickhead."

"Somebody's grumpy this morning," Techno commented, coming up behind Wilbur. He was messing with some "stim toy."

Tommy flipped up the middle finger. "Go away."

Wilbur yanked on the pillow Tommy had over his head and pulled the blankets off of him. Cold air hit Tommy's bare skin, and he shivered in nothing but a t-shirt and shorts.

"We're going to be hosting a backyard barbeque for Kristin later. Phil wants our help getting ready."

"For Kristin?"

"Yeah, she and Phil have gotten really close these past few months," Techno snorted. "Wouldn't be surprised if they got married."

"Okay, cool, whatever. Just let me sleep," Tommy growled, putting his hands over his ears. "It's the weekend. Cut me a break."

Wilbur and Techno left, and Tommy sighed, sinking into his mattress in peace. *Finally.*

Then, Wilbur came *back* into the room, and, in a completely monotone voice, he said, "Tommy. Get up."

"No."

Then, Tommy screeched.

"I'm going to fucking *KILL* Wil!" Tommy seethed, struggling in Techno's arms as he was held back.

An ice cube slid down Tommy's back, causing him to shiver and get even angrier.

"What's going on?" Phil asked, poking his head into the kitchen.

"Wil fuckin poured *ice water* on me!" Tommy yelled, silently cursing Techno's immense strength.

"Oh, mate." It was obvious Phil was trying not to laugh. "That's unfortunate. Well, get changed and dry off, then come back downstairs, okay?"

"Fine, yeah, whatever," Tommy mumbled. Techno set Tommy onto the ground, and Tommy turned to leave.

Wilbur was snickering.

Oh hell no. Not in this house.

Tommy launched, earning a scream of protest.

Tommy watched from the table as Phil and Kristin cooked burgers, talking and laughing.

"If I didn't know any better," Wilbur muttered, sipping some of his lemonade, "I would've thought they were married."

"Hm...yeah, probably," Techno shrugged.

Tommy huffed and crossed his arms. "That's rude, innit?"

"What's rude?" Wilbur inquired.

"Phil's so obsessed with her that he forgot we're here," Tommy mumbled, crossing his arms angrily.

"Aw, is Tommy wanting some attention from Dad?" Wilbur cooed, ruffling Tommy's hair.

"No!" Tommy exclaimed, punching Wilbur's arm. "I don't!"

"Awww, Tommy!"

The next thing Tommy knew, he was being pried away from Wilbur by Phil.

"I look away for *five minutes*," Phil sighed. "I'm sorry you had to see this, Kristin."

"Oh, it's no problem at all," Kristin giggled. "You're all such a sweet family."

Tommy and Wilbur looked at each other. *Sweet family?*

Tommy tried to calm down.

All he was supposed to do was get the potato salad, and now he was in the bathroom, sobbing, because he dropped the bowl and it shattered.

In front of Kristin.

Phil's gonna be so mad.

Tommy gripped his arms. He had been clean of harming himself for several months now. So why?

Why?

Tommy's hand curled into a fist. He didn't deserve what good he had. He didn't deserve his new family. He didn't deserve to be accepted. He didn't even deserve to live.

Tommy's fist reached up and slammed down into his arm, causing him to hiss. It hurt, but it helped him release his fearful energy. He wanted to stop, but this helped. He—

No.

Tommy stopped mid-punch and tried to think rationally. Then, he called out, "Help."

No response, except for the sound of footsteps drawing nearer. Then, a woman's voice: "Hello? Tommy? Is something wrong?"

Tommy swallowed. "Can you—can you go get Phil? B-But, please don't leave. I can't be alone right now."

"Alright. Can you open the door, please?"

Tommy shakily reached up, turned the doorknob, and opened the door, being met with Kristin's concerned expression.

"I just texted Phil; he said he'd be here in a minute." Kristin bent down and gently brushed hair out of Tommy's eyes. "Do you feel comfortable telling me what's wrong?"

Tommy choked back a sob as he held up his arm, which had a red mark from where he punched himself. Kristin's eyes widened, but she didn't say anything.

Phil arrived, his eyes full of fear. "Tommy? Hey, mate, what's going on?"

Kristin stood and stepped back, allowing Phil to take her place. Tommy held up his arm and cried, "I tried! I really tried! I want to stop, and I was doing so good, but then I dropped the bowl of potato salad, and I just—I couldn't handle it—"

Tommy was struggling to breathe, and he grasped Phil's arms, to the point he was afraid he was hurting Phil. But Phil didn't flinch. He didn't shake. He sat there, quietly listening and hummed when Tommy was done.

"Thank you for getting me, mate." Phil pulled Tommy in for a hug, calming Tommy almost immediately.

Tommy buried his face into his father's chest and gripped his shirt, as if he was afraid that if he let go Phil would disappear.

Finally, Phil murmured, "I think we need to get you to therapy, okay? I can't always help you."

Tommy sighed, carefully hugging Phil. "Okay. If you think that's best."

"I'm proud of you, you know? You spoke up and told someone you needed help. You're so strong, Tommy."

Tommy closed his eyes, latched onto Phil like a little kid. "Thanks, Dad."

"I love you, Tommy."

"I love you too, Dad."

Wilbur smirked, holding up a +4. "Here you go, Tommy, my *dearest brother*."

Tommy's eyes widened, but then he grinned and put down a +4. "Thank you, but I think I'll have to add, *sand-eating fucker*."

Phil, Kristin, and Techno snickered at the two brothers, but then Phil let out a long sigh.

"You two are fuckin' *mean*, you know that?" Phil grumbled, drawing eight cards.

Tommy and Wilbur looked at each other and laughed.

Tommy sat on the couch next to Techno, who was petting Floof quietly.

"Your arm is still swollen," Tommy noted.

"It is," Techno hummed.

"Does it hurt?"

"Of course it does."

"What did you do to it?"

"I'm assuming I somehow broke it, but there's an alternative, so I'm going to be going to the doctor's tomorrow."

"What's the alternative?"

Techno's expression clouded over. "I'd rather not talk about it."

Tommy hummed but didn't press the matter any further. "What do you think of Kristin?"

"I like her. She bought me another *Percy Jackson* book."

Tommy nodded. "That was nice."

"It was. What do *you* think of her?"

"Very poggers."

Techno frowned. "Never use that word around me ever again."

Tommy wheezed.

Tommy sat in his bedroom, tossing a bouncy ball at his wall over and over, waiting for Techno to make it home.

Thump, thump, thump.

Finally, Tommy heard the sound of the car pulling into the driveway, making him hop out of bed and slide down the rails of the stairs. He flung the door open, excited, but his face fell when he saw Techno's face.

Techno was hugging some papers to him, his red eyes downcast as he walked through the open door. His noise-cancelling headphones were over his head, and Tommy knew that the results weren't good.

"What happened?" Tommy asked, quietly shutting the door.

Techno sat on the couch, picking up Floof and petting the dog. He didn't say anything.

Tommy sat beside Techno, saying nothing as well. A few minutes later, Tommy repeated his question.

Techno stared at Tommy, picked up one of the papers, and handed it to him.

"A couple of weeks ago," Techno murmured, "I went to the doctor's. They took some of my blood and examined my symptoms, and, well...read it."

Tommy scanned over the paper, and then stopped at one word.

Osteosarcoma.

"What's that?" Tommy asked, pointing to the unfamiliar word.

Techno pulled out his phone and handed it to Tommy, obviously expecting the question. Tommy took the phone and read it.

Osteosarcoma

Also called: osteogenic sarcoma

A type of bone cancer that begins in the cells that form bones.

Osteosarcoma most often occurs in the long bones that make up the arms and legs, though it can occur in any bone. It tends to occur in children and young adults.

She Is Gone

Chapter Notes

Mrs. Innit's name is different here for the sake of privacy and so that people don't think I'm trying to villainize anyone.

CW///Mentions of cancer, car crashes, drunk driving, death, protests/riots, panic attacks

Everyone was dead silent at dinnertime. Phil was the first one to speak up.

"Are you doing alright, Techno? Besides, you know...?"

Techno jumped at the sound of Phil's voice, but he nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine. It just hurts a little bit."

Tommy pushed around the last carrot on his plate, not very hungry. *Techno has cancer.*

It had been an hour of silence since Techno told the rest of the family, other than Techno's weak jokes and Phil's pathetic laughs. The atmosphere of peace suddenly became as though Tommy was on trial again: cold and fearful.

Tommy sighed and stood up. "I'm going to go get ice cream. Anyone wanna join me?"

"I will," Wilbur muttered, standing up as well.

"Can I come with?" Techno inquired.

"Sure," Tommy shrugged. "I wanna drive, though. You wanna come with us, Dad?"

Phil shook his head. "No, thanks. I'm not really in the mood for sweets. I'm gonna invite Kristin over for a movie."

Tommy, Wilbur, and Techno looked at each other, a knowing look their eyes. Techno looked at Phil and grinned. "You and Kristin seem to be getting awfully close lately. Is someone in love~?"

"Awww, Phil," Wilbur cooed, joining in.

"Philza and Kristin, sitting in a tree~" Tommy sang, "K-I-S-S-I-N-G."

Phil's cheeks turned a light shade of red. "Oi, fuck off. Someday, you all will fall in love."

"Maybe," Tommy mused. "Or maybe a women will fall in love with *me*. I *am* very poggers, after all."

"I don't think anyone would fall for me," Wilbur chuckled, turning to Tommy. "And I'll bet *you* fifty bucks that Techno won't get a girlfriend anytime soon."

Tommy's eyes sparkled. "*Oh*, you're *on*."

"Go get your ice cream, gremlins," Phil laughed, pulling out his phone.

Tommy and Wilbur made kissing noises at Phil as Techno dragged them out the door. When they got outside, Wilbur high-fived Tommy, causing Techno to roll his eyes.

"You two are literal children," Techno said.

"I'm older than you!" Wilbur pouted.

"By *thirty seconds*. You're not special."

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. "You're mean."

"Thanks."

"Okay, c'mon," Tommy chuckled, pointing to the car. "Away we go! To Puffy's!"

Puffy's Café was the best place to get sweets in the entire town. The food was top-notch, the people there were always friendly, and the owner herself was sweet...no pun intended.

As soon as Tommy entered the room, various customers looked up and waved.

"Hey, Tommy!"

"Hello, Tommy!"

"How's it going?"

"Hey," Tommy waved awkwardly. He sat in the stool at the front and rang the bell.

"Just a minute!" Puffy's voice called from the back kitchen, and the sound of falling pots and pans followed.

"And why haven't we been here before?" Wilbur inquired.

"It's pretty new," Tommy admitted. "She co-owns it with her wife."

"Wife?"

"Niki."

"Oh, yeah, now I remember," Wilbur realized. "Yeah, Niki told me she had a wife and introduced me to her. I just didn't realize it was Puffy. That's adorable."

Tommy grinned and nodded. "Just wait until you see them snuggle together while making stuff for the customers."

Techno blinked. "Speaking from experience, huh?"

"Yep."

At that moment, the poofy-haired, well-dressed woman herself came out of the back, bringing a pan of freshly-made muffins to the display. She looked over at Tommy and beamed. "Tommy, hey! How are you doing?"

"I'm doing pretty good," Tommy smiled back. "Brought Techno and Wil with me."

"Wilbur!" Puffy exclaimed, spotting said man. "How are you doing? How's Phil?"

"Phil's doing good," Wilbur replied. "This is my younger twin, Techno."

Techno waved awkwardly. "Hey."

"Pleased to meet your acquaintance," Puffy nodded. "So, what can I get for you all today?"

"I want a triple chocolate cone," Tommy said.

"A strawberry shake for me," Wilbur stated, "and a vanilla shake for Techno."

"Alright, let me get that for you real quick."

As Puffy disappeared into the back, the three brothers were quiet. After a few minutes, Puffy came back with all three orders.

"Here you go," Puffy chirped. "Need anything else, boys?"

"No, thanks," Wilbur nodded, and Tommy slid a twenty-dollar bill across the counter.

"Keep the change," Tommy smiled.

"You're real sweet, Toms," Puffy chuckled, ruffling Tommy's hair. "Have a good day, guys."

Tommy slid off the stool and the three of them sat on a picnic table outside. [Music was playing](#), and Tommy grinned and began singing along off-key.

"It's too coooooooooold for you hereeeeeee and now~"

Techno narrowed his eyes. "Shut up before you attract flies."

"So let me hooooooooooooooooold both your hands in the holes of my sweater~" Wilbur sang, and Tommy grinned.

Techno pulled his headphones over his ears, glaring at Tommy and Wilbur.

Tommy and Wilbur leaned into each other used their ice cream as a microphone. "*'Cause it's too cold for you here and now, so let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater~*"

Tommy and Wilbur dissolved into laughter, and Techno took off his headphones with a grunt.

"You guys sound horrible," Techno deadpanned.

"Ouch! I am *so* offended!" Wilbur exclaimed, feigning mock hurt. "Alas, I cannot go on!"

"Drama queen," Tommy snickered.

"Actually—" Wilbur pretended to do a hair flip, "—I *would* say I'm the king of drama, yes."

Tommy cackled, and Techno rolled his eyes. "Chill, Wil. Nobody needs to look over here. Stop drawing attention to yourself."

Wilbur stood and inhaled deeply, about to yell.

"Wilbur, I swear to God—!"

Wilbur laughed, sitting down. Tommy was in hysterics by now, and it was getting hard to breathe.

After a few minutes, everyone calmed down, but goofy smiles were on Wilbur and Tommy's faces, and Techno was smiling just a little bit.

God, I love having brothers, Tommy thought, licking some of his ice cream.

Tommy, Wilbur, Techno, and Phil were all sitting on the couch when *it* happened.

The news was playing, and a story came onscreen about a car crash.

"On Main Street, a car crash happened. The people involved were Dream Wastaken Jr., the son of the mayor, and Joy Innit, widow of the late Ronald Innit. Mr. Wastaken is currently being hospitalized, whereas Mrs. Innit died on impact. It turns out Mrs. Innit was drinking heavily at a nearby pub..."

Tommy's ears drowned out everything. ...*What? Mom is...?*

"Tommy? Hey, Tommy, calm down."

Tommy snapped back to reality upon hearing Phil's gentle tone.

"Tommy, hey. Do you want to go to the funeral?"

Tommy shrugged, tears forming in his eyes. "She's dead. My mother, she's *dead*."

"She is," Phil confirmed. "Do you...do you need some time to comprehend this? Alone?"

Tommy shook his head. "If I were to do be alone right now, I'm afraid I'd do something stupid."

Phil nodded, understanding. "Alright.,

Tommy choked out a sob. "I can't believe it..."

The funeral was hosted three days later, and Tommy stood near the casket, trying not to cry.

When he had went to his father's funeral, he felt completely numb. Now, he was crying? Why should he cry for a woman he hated?

Maybe it *was* the fact that he hated her. Maybe it was the fact that she died because she couldn't handle the fact that her son was a murderer and trans.

"I'm sorry," Tommy whispered.

At that moment, a chorus of yells and screams sounded, and Tommy looked up to see a group of protesters running in the direction of Tommy.

Tommy backed away, and several people muttered "What the hell?"

When the protesters got to the gates of the cemetery, the priest who was leading the funeral stepped forward, eyebrows furrowed. "Who are you, and why are you here?"

"We're protesting against the unfair trial!" one of them yelled out. Everyone else let out a yell, and Tommy felt his heart sink.

"Another thing!" one of them hollered. "That *kid* shouldn't be here! She's the reason Mr. and Mrs. Innit are dead!"

Tommy's bottom lip trembled, but he didn't move.

"Leave, please," the priest called. "There is a funeral going on. This is disrespectful towards the dead."

The protesters screamed, and a gunshot was heard. The next thing Tommy knew, a bullet was whizzing by his ear.

"RUN!" one of the funeral attendants yelled, and everyone began running in different directions, yelling and screaming.

Tommy ran with the crowd, heart pounding in his chest. *This is all happening because of me. I'm the cause of all of this.*

Tommy threw open the door and got inside, hands shaking. He got the car started and took off driving, careful to not run into anyone.

He forced his fear down and went numb, eyes focusing on where he was and how he would get home.

His phone began to ring, and Tommy took a quick glance and answered it, putting it on speaker.

"Tommy?" Phil's worried voice called through the phone. *"Tommy, where are you? I heard about the riot, the news is covering it right now—"*

"I'm driving into our street now," Tommy informed him, voice wavering. "Dad, I'm going to drive out to the country for a while so I can lead everyone away, in case anyone is following me. Okay?"

"No, please come home. We will come with you and leave for a while. We need to help Kristin, too. They've set her house on fire."

"What!?" Tommy yelled, stopping outside the house. "When!? How long have these riots been going on!?"

"Ever since they announced Mrs. Innit's death on the news."

Wilbur and Techno came bustling out of the house, holding several bags. The phone clicked off, and Phil came running outside, holding a couple of bags of his own.

Tommy hopped out of the car while Wilbur and Techno hopped in the back. Tommy began stuffing the bags in the trunk, and he wanted nothing more than to cry.

"Get inside with your brothers," Phil ordered, locking up the back of the car. Tommy jumped inside, and his hands shook as he buckled himself up.

"We're going to stop at Kristin's hotel room," Phil said, driving off as soon as he shut the door. He wasn't even buckled in.

Tommy let the tears slip down his cheeks. It felt like his lungs were being squeezed of all the air he was taking in, and he began to hyperventilate.

"Tommy, breathe," Wilbur murmured, and Tommy tried to focus. Slowly but surely, Tommy could breathe again, but he was exhausted.

He didn't even realize that they'd already got Kristin until Phil asked, "Do you have any money for anything, Kristin?"

"I don't," Kristin admitted. "I had to use it for the hotel room."

"What are we gonna do, Dad?" Tommy whispered.

"Well, we'll stay out of town for a week. If the riots don't stop by then, we'll...figure something out."

Tommy exhaled slowly but nodded. "Alright. Where are we going to stay?"

"I don't know," Phil admitted. "We'll have to play things by ear."

Tommy nodded slowly and leaned against Wilbur's shoulder, closing his eyes. It had been a long day.

"We're going to be okay," Wilbur murmured, and Tommy believed him.

But She Used To Be Mine

Chapter Notes

Hoo boy, I have a lot to say...but first! The chapter!

CW///Guns, vandalism, slurs

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A man stood at the lectern, standing tall.

"Citizens of our glorious town of SMP," he began, his green eyes scanning the crowd. "You all have elected me, and I have pledged to serve this town as my family before me. When I ended up in the hospital a week ago due to the accident, I wanted things to go well. I thought peace would be in our town."

Everyone began muttering amongst themselves, and everyone jumped and went silent when they heard Mayor Wastaken's fist against the wood.

"I was mistaken!" he yelled. "You all go after a young man, barely not a child, because of an adult's mistake? Because this child is a different gender than he was born with? As the mayor of this great town, I cannot let this continue! I demand for all riots to *stop*, and for this man—Tommy Innit—and the rest of this man's family and friends to be able to live in peace!"

Everyone began talking at once. Mayor Wastaken raised a hand, silencing everyone, then pointed at a news reporter.

"Mr. Wastaken," one said, "would you consider yourself to be an LGBTQIA+ ally?"

"I would," Mr. Wastaken announced.

"Mr. Wastaken, are you aware that Mr. Innit could very well be dead?"

Mr. Wastaken's face paled. "I...did not know that. Does anyone know where Mr. Innit could be?"

Nobody said a word.

"Alright," Mr. Wastaken muttered. Then, louder: "This is the last thing I will say: if I see anyone trying to harm *anyone*, especially Mr. Innit, I will not hesitate to enact a new law against your behavior. You can come together peacefully to protest, but to riot? That's madness! I will be looking for Mr. Innit. If anyone has any idea where he is, then let me or someone of higher authority know. Thank you."

Tubbo: The mayer did a speech

Tubbo: It was about the ruots

TommyInnit: What did he say?

Tubbo: Thaf tue riots needed to stop

TommyInnit: I mean that's cool but

TommyInnit: It's not safe to come back is it

Tubbo: Idk

Tubbo: Lemme ask dad

Tubbo: He sais gibe it a week

TommyInnit: Just like Phil thought

TommyInnit: Thanks Tubs

Tubbo: The mayor wants everyone to find you

Tubbo: What if he quasfions me???

TommyInnit: Then tell him I'll be back in a week

Tubbo: then what????

TommyInnit: Then just tell him where I am k?

Tubbo: Ok

Tubbo: stay sate

TommyInnit: You too

TommyInnit: Tell Ranboo I said hi if you see him

Tommy clicked off his phone, suddenly feeling cramped.

"Phil, can we stop somewhere? I'm hungry and I need to eat," Wilbur muttered.

"Alright, what do you all want to eat?"

"Olive Garden?" Tommy suggested.

"That sounds good," Techno approved.

"Wil? Kristin?"

Kristin and Wilbur both nodded, and Phil nodded to himself. "Olive Garden it is."

As Tommy was finishing his lasagna (because bitch...lasagna), Phil placed his hand on top of Kristin's.

Phil smiled warmly, and Tommy knew.

"Kids," Phil murmured, his thumb making circles on Kristin's hand. "I have something to tell you."

"Finally!" Tommy exclaimed, throwing his hands into the air. "About time!"

"Wha—?" Phil's eyes widened. "No, no, it's not—that's not—we're—"

Tommy's face fell. "Oh."

I was so sure they got together...

"Anyway," Phil continued awkwardly. "What I was *going* to say was that we're going to be staying at a friend's house. He offered to keep us until the mayor comes to help us."

"What's this friend's name?"

"Awe Sam."

"Mr. Sam!?" Tommy gasped.

We're staying at my old teacher's house...!

"It's good to see you again, Tommy," Mr. Sam smiled. "Although, I wish it were under better circumstances."

Tommy nodded, feeling awkward. "Yep."

"Come inside," Mr. Sam said, stepping out of the way. Tommy stayed beside Wilbur and Techno, not wanting to go any further.

"It's so nice of you to let us stay for the week," Phil muttered. "Thank you."

"It's not a problem," Mr. Sam nodded. "Tommy was always a good kid, and I knew that things were going to go downhill. Unfortunately, there's always that one person who wants to see a kid suffer."

"I'm not a kid," Tommy mumbled, shuffling awkwardly.

"I labeled the boy's room; you and Kristin have your own room," Mr. Sam explained to Phil.

Tommy zoned out until he felt a finger tap his shoulder.

"Wanna go explore?" Wilbur whispered, eyes lit up with excitement.

Tommy shrugged. "Sure."

Wilbur grabbed Tommy's arm, dragging him away to the next room.

Tommy and Wilbur found where everything was: the kitchen, bedrooms, bathroom...and then they found the basement.

"You two goin' down there?"

Tommy and Wilbur jumped, turning to see Techno, hands in pockets and looking bored.

"We are," Wilbur confirmed. "Want to come with?"

"S not like I have anything else to do," Techno shrugged. "Phil, Kristin, and Sam are all talking about politics. Not that I don't enjoy a good debate, but I'm curious as to what's in the basement, too."

"Then let's go!" Tommy grinned, opening the door.

Tommy flicked on the light switch, suddenly feeling a wave of anxiety. The last time Tommy was in a basement, he...

Tommy swallowed. "Wil, can you go first?"

Wilbur saw Tommy's expression and nodded. "Of course, Toms."

Tommy followed Wilbur down the steps, Techno following behind. When they got to bottom, Tommy gasped.

Decorating the walls were badges and (presumably) empty guns and other weapons. Sitting on the table was a picture of Mr. Sam and Puffy.

"Ah, yes, the Army Medallion," Techno murmured. "So, I'm gonna guess that Mr. Sam is a retired army vet? And he worked with Puffy? That would explain some things."

Tommy reached up and grabbed a pistol hanging up. His eyes shimmered with surprise, and
—

"Tommy?"

Tommy quickly sat the gun on the table and put his hands up. "Sorry, Mr. Sam!"

Mr. Sam gave Tommy a light chuckle. "Interested in my gun, huh? I can teach you how to fire one, if you want."

"Really?" Tommy couldn't deny that he was curious.

"Yeah. C'mon."

Mr. Sam picked up the pistol and checked what Tommy assumed was the chamber, making sure it was empty. The two of them went outside, Techno and Wilbur following.

"So, Tommy, never put your finger on the trigger until you're ready to fire," Mr. Sam instructed. "Now, here's how you do this..."

Mr. Sam placed some kind of ear muffs over Tommy's ear and explained the process. Finally, he said, "Can you shoot that can?"

Tommy nodded and aimed. His finger pulled the trigger, and—

BANG!

The bullet whizzed by the can.

"Close," Mr. Sam murmured. "Try again."

Tommy did, and he didn't hit the can.

"Can I try?" Techno spoke up.

"Do you have experience with guns?" Mr. Sam inquired, pulling the ear muffs off Tommy's head.

"I have experience with all military equipment," Techno explained, taking the gun and inspecting it without pointing the barrel at anyone. "Took a military course in high school. Top of my class."

"Is that so?" Mr. Sam handed Techno the muffs. "Here, so you don't damage your ears."

Techno nodded and put the muffs on, then aimed.

"Step back, Tommy. Go over to Wil," Techno ordered.

Tommy scurried over to Wilbur, who had a small smile on his face.

Techno pulled back the trigger, and the bullet hit the can.

"Can you hit the pebble in the tree?" Mr. Sam joked.

Techno aimed and fired.

The random pebble flew off the tree, and Mr. Sam's eyes widened.

"Have you considered going to the military?" Mr. Sam inquired.

"Haven't," Techno shrugged, pulling off the muffs. "Being born in the middle of a war zone kinda crosses off the wish of being a marksman or somethin'."

"Well, if you don't mind me asking, what *do* you plan to do?"

Techno hesitated. "In the fall, at Pogtopia, I'll hopefully be majoring in English. Kinda wanna become an author or somethin'."

"I have respect for those who can write well," Mr. Sam nodded. "Well, I wish you the best of luck, Techno."

"Thanks."

"What are you going to be doing, Wilbur?"

"Oh!" Wilbur's eyes lit up. "I'm also going to Pogtopia! And I'll be doing music!"

"Music? What genre?"

"Maybe Indie Rock!"

"I'm sure you'll do great," Mr. Sam said genuinely. "Tommy?"

Tommy shuffled nervously. "I was maybe thinking about getting into writing, too. Maybe comedy, if I really want to."

"Both of those paths sound good," Mr. Sam smiled.

Tommy couldn't help but smile back. To be surrounded by so many kind people...was such a blessing.

Tommy smiled even more.

The week had passed without problem, and Tommy stepped onto his front lawn, face pale.

Their house had been vandalized.

"Our home!" Wilbur cried, racing forward.

Tommy followed behind, feeling his own eyes tear up.

Floof had been staying at Niki's for the week, so they didn't have to worry about that, but still...!

As soon as Wilbur flung the door open, glass spilled out onto the sidewalk. Carefully, Wilbur and Tommy went inside the otherwise vacant house.

It was a mess.

The TV was smashed in and on the ground, and glass from the windows littered the floor. The stuffing on the couch was spilling out, and the word "FAGGOTS" was written on the wall in red marker.

Tommy's breath got caught in his throat as he walked throughout the house. Each room was in a similar state, Tommy's room being the worst.

FREAK!

FAG!

WOMAN!

PIECE OF SHIT!

GOOD FOR NOTHING!

WORTHLESS!

PATHETIC!

MURDERER.

Tommy's hands curled into fists. He tried to focus on breathing, but it was too much.

Too. Much.

Tommy screamed.

"...So, do you blame yourself for everything that's happened?" Dr. Karl asked softly.

"Honestly?" Tommy mumbled. "Yeah. I mean, if I weren't part of their lives, their house wouldn't be ruined, and they wouldn't have to worry about their life coming to an end too soon."

"May I say something?" Dr. Karl murmured.

"Sure."

Dr. Karl hesitated. "I won't lie to you: if you weren't part of their life, yeah, maybe their life would've been easier. But easier doesn't necessarily mean good."

"How?"

"Well, think about it. Without you, Phil probably wouldn't have met Kristin. Without you, Techno probably wouldn't be opening up to everyone. Without you, Wilbur would feel alone. Tommy, it's true that some of the bad things that happened happened because you were in

their life—example being the house—but you were also the cause of so many good things. Phil gained another son, Wilbur and Techno gained a brother, and Kristin gained a family. Don't you get it?"

Tommy was crying. "B-But, I'm s-such a burden."

"You're not. If you were, they would've kicked you out by now. They wouldn't be showing you love. I've worked with many cases similar to yours, so I can tell when a family doesn't want the victim with them."

Tommy hugged himself. "I'm scared I'll get them hurt."

Dr. Karl leaned back in his chair. "I'm not gonna say that it will be easy being with this family," Dr. Karl stated. "In fact, it will probably be the opposite. However...I believe that a real family can work their problems out, without giving up on each other...or themselves."

Tommy finally let go, sobbing in the chair across from his therapist. When was the last time Tommy was told he wasn't a burden outside of the people he felt like a burden to...?

After a while, Tommy shakily sighed, running his fingers through his hair. Dr. Karl gave Tommy a gentle smile.

"Thank you for coming in today," Dr. Karl said softly. "Here's my number, so you can call whenever you need to talk. I'm proud of you, Tommy. I want you to know that."

Tommy felt it.

"Where's Phil and Wilbur and Techno?" Tommy asked, sliding into the front seat.

Kristin smiled a little to herself. "I asked Phil if you and I could maybe spend some time together. Is that alright?"

"Yeah, that's fine," Tommy nodded. "I just...wasn't expecting this."

Kristin drove out of the parking lot, and Tommy looked out the window, enjoying the peace and quiet.

After their house had been vandalized, they had to live in a hotel until they could speak with Mayor Wastaken. Today was the day Tommy would meet the man.

"Do you like Dad?" Tommy asked suddenly.

Kristin's smile grew. "I do. A lot. He means a lot to me."

Oddly enough, Tommy didn't think of Kristin as the woman who hosted his trial and declared him innocent. He thought of her now as a woman he could trust to make his father smile at the end of the day.

"I kind of want to start dating him," Kristin murmured. "He's such a sweetheart, and he's funny...but I want the approval of his sons. Techno and Wilbur already accept me, but...do you?"

Tommy scratched his chin, pretending to be deep in thought. "Hm...it's not like I haven't wanted you two to get together since I found you at our house the first time...yeah, sure, why not?"

Kristin let out a chuckle, and Tommy felt himself smile, too.

It was a good day.

Tommy laid in the sun, enjoying the rays beating down on what skin he showed. Wilbur was right beside him, and Techno, too; Phil and Kristin were busy making sundaes inside the house.

Finally, Wilbur sat up. "I'm going to get the water guns ready."

As Wilbur took off running, Tommy could hear a small laugh beside him.

"Wil is such a child," Techno snorted.

Tommy's lips curled up into a smile. "It's not like you aren't sometimes."

"True," Techno amended.

They were both quiet for minute. Then, Tommy asked, "How bad is it?"

They didn't need to say what it was. There was only one "it."

"It was Stage 2 when we found the tumor," Techno muttered. "I'll be getting treatments for it soon. Probably chemotherapy."

"...You're not gonna die, are you?"

"I sure hope not. Then my catchphrase would be lying."

"Catchphrase?"

"You don't remember? When we were playing Mario Kart?"

"...Oh yeah! Technoblade never dies!"

"Exactly."

"Why 'Technoblade'?"

"It sounds better."

"Is Blade your middle name?"

"No. It's my last name. My dad's."

"Oh. Okay."

"Can I ask *you* a question?"

"Sure."

"How's Karl?"

"He's alright. How do you know him?"

"He was my therapist, too. He's a good guy."

Tommy hummed. "He is."

Techno and Tommy elapsed into silence.

"Well, we better get inside and get our ice cream," Techno murmured, sitting up. "If we don't, Wil's gonna eat it."

Tommy narrowed his eyes at the house. "That dickhead better not."

"Wanna race?" Techno grinned, standing up and holding out his hand.

Tommy took Techno's hand, grinning himself. "You're on."

Chapter End Notes

And, with that, the story ends!

...Or does it?

THANK YOU to everyone who has commented, left a Kudos, bookmarked, and read this story! It means a lot to me that anyone would take time out of their day to read this. Honestly, it's mind-blowing to think that I wrote something that got so much attention!

To be honest, I started writing this when I was having a depressive episode. I just wanted to do something to get my mind off of everything. I never dreamed that this impulsively-written story would be the first one I complete! It's insane to think about, but it's nice.

This story—and this community—will always have a place in my heart. Thank you for coming with me on this journey.

I Still Remember That Girl (Epilogue)

Chapter Notes

And with this, the main story comes to a close. For real, this time.

CW//mentions of self-harm, terminal illness, death

(P.S. if you wanna feel nostalgic and wanna cry, listen to this song while you read this:

<https://youtu.be/1HQCiyYPvQ>

This is also the song that Techno plays later)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

TOMMY INNIT

Fall, 2022

A summer came and gone, and the first few months of college went by in a flash.

Tommy Innit, an adult fresh out of high school, sat in the coffee shop that was nearby, sipping some of his latte that he bought while typing vigorously on the laptop he'd bought.

"...And that's reason," Tommy whispered, the keys clacking under his fingertips, "*why Crime And Punishment is so well-renowned as one of the best classics of all time, beside other famous titles, such as Pride and Prejudice (Jane Austen) and Wuthering Heights (Emily Brontë).*"

With a long sigh, Tommy leaned back in his seat, scanning his paper. He loved analyzing things...which was why he had been sitting in the coffee shop for three hours first thing in the morning, working on the paper that was due in a week.

Working to become an English Major—like his older brother, Technoblade—was difficult, but rather rewarding. Tommy hoped that, with this and several writing and psychology classes, he could become one of the authors known for years to come, like Shakespeare or Charles Dickens, or a comedian.

Suddenly, Tommy's phone buzzed, so he picked it up and read the name. *Wilby*.

Tapping the "answer call" button, Tommy immediately heard Wilbur's voice.

"Tommy!" Wilbur's voice was giddy. "*Tommy, hey! You'll never guess what happened!*"

"Hey, Wil," Tommy greeted. "What happened?"

"Okay, Techno's busy throwing up, so I'll tell you. Techno got his poem published in the newspaper!"

"No way, really?" Tommy could hardly contain his excitement. "That's poggers! Can you send me the poem?"

"I'll read it to you," Wilbur decided. *"Ahem. I am a boat / sailing on the water / and the ocean that surrounds / is the tears of a daughter / the water has deepened / and so has my hope / so the son turns / to bad methods to cope / the death of a memory / turns into the death of a friend / but one day or another / the world will meet its end / but I am not afraid / for by then my time has come / the sand will run out and the words / in ink I will emerge from."*

Tommy blinked. "That's...really good, but also very depressing."

"Right?"

Faintly, Tommy could hear a *"shut up, it's art."*

"Anyway, just thought I'd call and let you know," Wilbur murmured. *"I'll talk to you later, okay?"*

"Okay, Wil. Give Techno a hug for me."

"I will. Bye."

"Bye."

The phone clicked off, and Tommy sighed sadly to himself. It would have to be during Christmas break that he would get to see his dad again.

Tommy took another drink of his latte, then went back to work.

"Minecraft? Really?" Tommy heard Ranboo chuckle from the bed.

"Yes, really." *Good old Tubbo.* "Minecraft was such a huge part of our childhood. If you dare..."

"Hey, I'm not judging," Ranboo clarified, holding his hands up. "I'm just worried you'll be judged by everyone else."

"Who cares what everyone else thinks?" Tommy grinned.

Tubbo and Ranboo stared, and Tommy's cheeks went warm.

"What?"

"Wow, therapy must have helped you a lot, huh?" Tubbo smiled. "Proud of you."

"You've grown a lot from when I first met you," Ranboo

Tommy laughed awkwardly. "Thanks, Ranboo. Thanks, Tubs."

"Now that we got sentimental stuff out of the way," Tubbo grinned, "let's go out there this Halloween and kick some ass!"

WILBUR SOOT

Winter, 2022

"Aren't you gonna tell them?" Wilbur whispered softly to his twin as they stood in the living room.

Techno shook his head, holding Floof, and Wilbur felt himself frown. "I can't. Not now. Not this close to the holidays."

"But this could be your last Christmas!"

"That's exactly why, Wil. I don't want them getting all depressed just because I'm dying."

Wilbur sighed, but he forced a smile when Tommy came bounding into the room, holding the star.

"Let's put it on the top of the tree, yeah?" Tommy grinned, obviously oblivious to the conversation.

"Do *you* want to?" Wilbur inquired.

"I figured Techno could," Tommy shrugged. "Dad told me it's a tradition."

"Somebody call?" Phil asked from the doorway, Kristin right beside him with a warm smile. Floof barked, making Techno smile.

Wilbur watched silently as Techno took the star and placed it onto the top of the tree. Why wasn't Wilbur smiling? Why did it feel like a hundred pound weight was on his shoulders?

Wilbur knew why. Wilbur knew everything.

He just hoped that the rest of them wouldn't until it was too late. If they knew...

"Wil?"

Wilbur came back to Earth at the sound of his name. He looked up at Kristin. "Yeah?"

"Are you alright?" Kristin inquired.

"Yeah, I'm—I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"It's just, well..." Kristin hesitated. "You seem distracted. Like something's bothering you."

Wilbur rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "What gave it away?"

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Wilbur sighed, slumping over. "Promise you won't tell Phil or Tommy?"

"I promise," Kristin replied.

Wilbur told her, and Kristin's eyes widened and teared up.

"Oh."

"Yeah. Techno doesn't want anyone to know so that nobody is sad during Christmas."

"That's sweet, but..." Kristin shook her head. "I'm so sorry, Wilbur. Thank you for trusting me, though."

"It's fine," Wilbur whispered. "I don't know when he'll tell anyone."

Kristin nodded, and she pulled Wilbur in for a hug. Wilbur leaned against Kristin's chest, taking in a shaky breath.

"Everything will be okay," Kristin said softly, rubbing Wilbur's back gently. "Everything will be okay."

Wilbur sat on the floor beside his little brother, tense. He had caught Tommy about to self-harm, and he didn't know what to do.

"Wilbur, please, *please* don't tell Dad," Tommy begged, sobbing. "*Please*. If you do, he—he'll be so disappointed in me."

Wilbur swallowed. "Okay. Okay. Tommy, I won't—I won't tell Dad. Let me text Techno, okay?"

Tommy nodded, and Wilbur, with shaky hands, texted Techno, who was downstairs. A minute later, a knock at the door was heard, and Wilbur called, "Come in."

Techno stood in the doorway, holding out his phone with a solemn expression. "Tommy, can I play you something?"

"Huh?" Tommy looked up at Techno, shaking. Wilbur wrapped an arm around Tommy, pulling him into a side-hug.

Techno sat on the floor. "When I feel like hurting myself, or when I sink into a depressive episode, music helps. Can I play you one of my comfort songs?"

Tommy nodded, and Wilbur listened as the beginning notes of the song began to play.

The soft notes of the piano filled the room, then the beautiful voice of the singer. Wilbur felt his eyes close, and he knew that Techno wasn't just playing it for Tommy—he was playing it for Wilbur, too: telling him that everything would work out for the best in the end.

Wilbur knew, finally, that he was truly loved.

When Wilbur opened his eyes, everything was blurry.

Beside him, Tommy was crying, and even Techno's breathing was shallow.

There was nothing like the love of a brother, Wilbur decided, and he let himself cry, too.

Wilbur cooed. "That's *adorable*, Kristin."

Kristin had made him a *fucking cookie decorated to look like his face*.

"Thank you," Kristin giggled.

Wilbur looked over at Tommy, who was staring at him. Wilbur nodded once—their signal.

"Everyone," Tommy called, standing.

Everyone looked over to Tommy, which made Wilbur smile. His little brother had changed so much from the timid gremlin he, Techno, and Phil had taken in that fateful night.

"I would like to announce that I've decided to take the next step in transitioning."

Phil gasped. "You mean..."

"Yep," Tommy nodded. "I'll be getting gender reassignment surgery in a month."

"Oh my God!" Kristin squealed, throwing her arms around Tommy. "I'm so happy for you! That's amazing, Tommy!"

Tommy hugged back, to Wilbur's surprise, and, when Wilbur looked over to Phil and Techno, their eyes were shimmering.

"That's great, Tommy." Phil's voice cracked. "I'm so happy for you, mate."

Techno wiped at his eyes. "I-I need to leave the room for a moment."

Techno left, and Tommy's face fell. "Is Techno not supportive?"

"I'm sure it's not that," Wilbur reassured, standing up. "He's still dealing with cancer, remember? He's probably going to throw up. He just ate something, you know."

Tommy nodded slowly. "I see."

Wilbur went to the bathroom where Techno was, indeed, throwing up. Floof sat at the doorway, looking up at Wilbur worriedly.

"Techno?" Wilbur called softly, going over to Techno while plugging his nose. He pulled what was left of Techno's long pink hair back.

The day after Christmas, Wilbur was taking down the tree with Phil when Techno announced the news.

"I'm going to stop treatments."

Everyone paused.

"What?" Phil croaked, dropping the ornament in his hands.

"I'm going to stop treatments," Techno repeated. "The doctors monitored everything, and...the treatments aren't helping. In fact, they're making the cancer spread, due to my body's weird reactions to the radiation. It's Stage 4 now."

Wilbur's jaw dropped. "What? It's...It's progressed? That quickly?" *He knew Techno was going to stop treatments, but...Stage 4?*

Techno nodded, as though this was a simple thing and he wasn't dying. "Yeah."

Wilbur fell to his knees, gripping the ornament with all he had. The hook pricked his finger, but Wilbur felt numb.

Techno's dying.

TECHNO IS DYING.

MY TWIN IS DYING.

Wilbur stood at the door.

"I'm going to miss you being my roommate," Wilbur chuckled, eyes filled with tears.

"Eh, it'll be fiine," Techno shrugged. "I'll see you again soon, you know. Technoblade never dies, right? So I'll be right here."

Wilbur smiled weakly, then looked to Tommy. "Ready to go back to college?"

Tommy rolled his eyes. "Not really. I mean, I like writing papers, but waking up at seven in the morning? No thank you."

Wilbur looked to Techno again and pulled his younger twin in for a hug.

"I'll see you again," Techno promised, and Wilbur believed him.

PHIL WATSON/KRISTIN

Spring, 2023

Phil sat in the house, Kristin by his side. The crows that appeared often were sitting at the open windowsill, and Phil could almost swear that they were calling him *Dadza*.

"Sorry, mates, I can't feed you right now," Phil muttered. "It's not time for lunch."

One of the crows cocked their head to the side and cawed.

"No, Kristin isn't going to feed you early," Phil sighed. "Can you lot leave us alone so we can finish our movie?"

The crows cawed, and Phil groaned. "Fine, fine. I'll get you all some bread, just move out of the way."

Kristin laughed wholeheartedly, following Phil into the kitchen. "It feels like they're our new children or something."

Phil snorted. "Annoying toddlers, that's what they are."

"Buuut," Kristin drawled, getting a slice of bread from the fridge, "don't you think it's sweet how they like us like parents?"

"They're *crows*, Kristin. They can't think of us as parents." Phil pulled the jelly jar from the fridge.

Kristin shrugged. "Who knows? Maybe you're just denying the possibility because you're afraid."

"Afraid?" Phil flicked a small glob of jelly at Kristin. "What do I have to be afraid about?"

"Hm, I don't know," Kristin hummed. "Maybe the fact that they might steal all of my attention?"

Phil laughed. "As if. Again, they're *birds*."

Kristin laughed too and planted a kiss to Phil's cheek. "This is a silly conversation. Let's just give them the bread."

Phil's lips curled up into a playful smirk. "You missed."

Kristin rolled her eyes and kissed Phil's nose. "Was *that* right?"

Phil sighed and pressed his lips to Kristin's. A second later—

"CAW! CAW! "

"Ugh," Phil growled pulling away. "Impatient birds."

Kristin's laugh made Phil smile.

Kristin's fingers were interlaced with Phil's as they walked through the park.

"It's beautiful outside," Kristin commented.

"It is," Phil agreed.

They were quiet for a while, and the weight in Phil's pocket grew heavier with every step, until they stopped in front of the tree that they first kissed at.

Phil let go of Kristin's hand and faced her, swallowing as he reached into his pocket.

"Kristin," Phil began pulling out the box. "You have made me so happy for the past year. So...um...I would like to ask..."

Phil got down on one knee, heart pounding out of his chest as he opened the box to reveal a diamond ring.

"Will you marry me, Kristin?"

Kristin's eyes were full of tears, but a huge smile was on her lips as she nodded.

"I will, Phil Watson."

Phil stood in Techno's doorway quietly, watching as Techno wrote in the notebook Phil had got Techno for Christmas.

Techno had written in the notebook a lot lately. Phil couldn't deny that he wasn't curious as to what Techno was doing, but he didn't want to intrude.

"I know you're there," Techno said suddenly, not looking up.

Phil sighed. "You okay?"

"Besides the ever-present pain? Yeah. Why?"

"I was wondering if you wanted to stargaze with me. You used to love looking at the stars, especially with Tommy."

Techno finally looked up, and Phil winced when he saw the dark circles under Techno's eyes. "Sure."

Techno took his notebook with him and leaned on Phil as Phil led Techno outside. They laid on the ground, quietly gazing at the stars that sprinkled the sky.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Phil murmured.

"Yeah."

A quiet while passed, and Techno sighed. "...Phil, I just want you to know that, if I *do* die—which, I won't, cuz *Technoblade never dies*—I'll be ready for it."

Phil looked over at Techno, who was still staring at the sky.

"Techno?"

Techno sat up and looked at Phil, and Phil knew immediately. "I know I can't survive this. Not without a huge miracle. So...I want you to know. I'll record it later, but I want you to know my will."

Phil swallowed, wanting to interrupt. However, he didn't, knowing that Techno needed to get this off his chest.

"The things I want to give each person is in a box labeled with their name on it under my bed," Techno instructed. *"Please keep Floof well-fed and safe. Tell Niki that she's stronger than she knows. Tell Tommy that I hope he finds what he's looking for, whatever that is."* Techno looked up at Phil. *"Phil, I'm glad I met you in this life."*

Phil let out a sob, but he tried to stifle it.

"Tell the rest of the world," Techno continued, a small smirk on his face, *"that having abolished all governments of men, I have ascended into Heaven to take on the kingdom of God!"*

Phil choked out a laugh, and Techno dissolved into giggles, leaning against Phil.

Father and son sat on the grass, laughing and crying at the cruelty of the world.

TECHNO BLADE

Summer, 2023

Techno brushed the hair that was hanging in front of Phil's face out of his eyes. "Relax, nothing's going to happen."

"But what if this isn't what Kristin wants?" Phil panicked. "What if I—"

"I promise you, this *is* what Kristin wants and more," Tommy sighed. "Now, relax. Everything's going to be fine, Big Man."

Techno ignored the pain raking throughout his body and smiled. "Trust me, Phil. Everything's going to go perfectly."

Wilbur poked his head into the doorway. "It's about to start. C'mon, Phil."

Techno watched as his adoptive father left the dressing room and took a moment to calm his own nerves. Being Phil's best man was a bit of pressure. And the fact that he hurt so much...

Techno shook his head. He was going to do this, one way or another.

And, oh, he did. In fact, the pain seemed to go away as Techno stood at the front with everyone and laughed internally as Wilbur wore a dress and threw flower petals. When Wilbur stood beside Techno, he cursed, "Fucking flower girl privileges, bitch. Shut up."

And when Tommy held up the rings, a smile as warm as the sun? Techno couldn't help but smile as well.

Finally, Kristin and Phil said "I do."

"Then, by the power vested in me," XD, Mayor Wastaken's brother, announced, "I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride."

And, when Phil and Kristin kissed? Techno cheered loudest of all.

Techno stared at Kristin. "Oh."

Kristin smiled tightly. "I'm so sorry. I'm not trying to replace you, you know? I don't know, I just—I feel like it would be wrong to abort it."

Techno's heart ached but was light. "Are you kidding? I would *love* a little sibling. Do you know the gender?"

"Nope," Kristin shook her head. "I don't."

"What's going on?" Wilbur poked his head into the room with Tommy.

"I'm...um..." Kristin looked to Phil, then to Techno.

"She's pregnant," Techno murmured.

"You're *what*!?" Tommy and Wilbur gasped, then charged into the room.

Techno immediately reached for his headphones, but he decided against it. Right now, he wouldn't block out the noise. It wasn't scaring him.

"Is it a boy or girl? Or intersex, like me?" Wilbur asked, eyes lit up.

"What are you gonna name it?" Tommy questioned.

"We don't know, to both questions," Phil explained, taking Kristin's hand and making Techno smile. "All we know is that Kristin's three months in."

Techno's heart sank, and his smile faltered.

Six months.

There wasn't a guarantee he'd survive until the next *day*, let alone six *months*.

"I think," Kristin muttered, "if it's a boy...I'll name it Theseus, and, if it's a girl, Ariadne." She looked to Techno, knowing. "What do you think?"

Techno felt the lump in his throat grow. "I think it's perfect, Kristin."

TOMMY INNIT

Late Summer, 2023

Tommy stayed outside, the conversation between him and Techno from earlier going through his mind.

"I can't survive much longer, with the rate this is going," Techno had said, laying on the hospital bed. "Listen to this when I'm gone. It will explain everything."

"But...But I don't want to lose you. Not this soon." Tommy's eyes stung.

"I'm ready to go. My life's fulfilled. When you came into the family, I knew that my story had to end soon, or the ending wouldn't be satisfying for me."

Tommy understood, despite everything. He stepped forward and wrapped his arms carefully around the fragile man. "I love you, Technoblade. You're the best brother I could've ever had."

Tommy felt a pair of weak arms pull Tommy closer. "I love you too, Tommy."

Soon, the door to Techno's room, and Wilbur stepped out, making Tommy jump up. When Tommy saw Wilbur's expression, he *knew*.

The two of them stood quietly across from each other.

"With a smile?" Tommy choked out, wrapping his arms around himself.

"With a smile," Wilbur replied, and Tommy and Wilbur collapsed into each other, letting the grief go through them.

TOMMY INNIT

One Year Later

"I wanted to say goodbye to someone," Tommy murmured.

"Alright, but hurry up. We've gotta visit Techno's grave soon," Wilbur replied, and Tommy nodded.

The bouquet of lilies in hand, Tommy walked over to one grave and placed a lily onto the ground in front of the grave.

"Thank you for saving my life," Tommy whispered. "I know I never came to say that, but... thank you, Eret, for helping me live when you couldn't. I can't visit for long, but I just wanted to say that."

Tommy turned away from Eret's grave and went up to Wilbur, who was looking quietly at the stone they were there to see.

On July 20th, 2023, at 6:23 PM, Tommy Innit, Wilbur Soot, Phil and Kristin Watson, and the sibling who hadn't even taken a breath lost a brother. A friend.

A hero.

The last known words were "I love you, family." The ones around him during this time were Wilbur Soot and Phil Watson, but they all knew Tommy was included.

The now lonely brothers stood side by side, feeling the missing one among them. A gentle breeze blew past, and Tommy took a deep breath.

"We read your journal," Tommy murmured. "We...We listened to you. We've been going into the hospital every weekend and spending time with the cancer patients. Actually, Wilbur and I made our own charity in your honor. *The Technology Blade Against Cancer*. Wilbur came up with the God-awful name."

Wilbur laughed quietly. "Shut up."

"Well, it *is* cringe," Tommy defended. "Anyway, so yeah. Floof is okay. Wilbur joined a band called Lovejoy and is the lead singer. And...yeah."

Wilbur put a hand on Tommy's shoulder. "I'm going back. You coming with?"

"Just...one more thing," Tommy replied, bending down in front of Techno's grave and placing the lilies down. "We'll bring Ariadne up here starting in three years. You'll finally get to meet our baby sister."

Tommy stood up and looked to the sky. "And, you know what? I understand your catchphrase now. You never died. You're still with us, somehow. I can feel it."

Tommy took Wilbur's hand. "Ready to go?"

When Tommy left the graveyard that day, he felt warm.

And so, the two brothers went up to their family: a mother and father of crows, and a beautiful baby girl that had the full name of Ariadne Techno Watson. Although one of their family was gone, they knew that the one missing never truly left.

Tommy recalled the last part of Techno's notebook, and he felt it to be true.

You aren't defined by what you have done or what you will do. You are defined by who you are now.

I'm proud of you, Wilbur Soot and Tommy Innit.

I love you both.

Chapter End Notes

Bro imagine how cool fanart or animatics of this fic would be—

Anyway! YES, this is the final chapter of the main story!

BUT.

I will make oneshots of this story, if y'all are interested! :D

Oh! One last thing!

TW, read with caution<3

Remember: You are stronger than you think. I know things are really tough right now—political scandals, war, mental health declining—but I promise things get better. I know that sounds extremely cliché, but it's true.

To let you in my head, I have been dealing with mental health issues for about 3~4 years now. I've thought so many times about giving up. I tried to give up once.

But, please, take it from me: things DO get better, and there ARE people who love you and think you're worth it. If you ever need to talk, my inbox is open.

TW over :)

I hope this story was a comfort to you, or at least entertained you when you were bored. Please stay safe, guys. The world is messed up, but, amongst all of that terrible stuff, there's a good ending for everyone. <3

A Very Late Disclaimer

Chapter Notes

CW///Mentions of cancer, death

I wrote this fic long before Techno's death on June 30th, 2022.

I did not know Technoblade would actually die.

But, I will say a few things:

1. According to Hypixel's letter (<https://hypixel.net/threads/in-memoriam-technoblade.5007404/>), Technoblade raised money for the Sarcoma Foundation of America, which most likely means that he could have had the type of sarcoma that's in this fic (osteosarcoma). I only chose that kind to write about because of the information I gathered by actual research and what he had told us.
2. The entirety of the Minecraft community lost a very important member last night.
3. This will be the only major fic I will write with Technoblade as a character.

I myself am extremely upset that Technoblade passed away, and I sincerely hope that his family and everyone else who knew him personally are doing well. As for anyone who looks at his content, I hope for the best for you guys.

Thank you<3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!